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THE SHORT AND THE LONG OF IT

THE Washington talks will be concerned with two related but distinct problems: first, the impending exhaustion of Britain's gold and dollar reserves and, secondly, the fundamental shift in the world's economy which has made the dollar universally a scarce currency. The British delegates will be more concerned, naturally, with the first of these problems, and they will concentrate upon the search for short-term remedies. But though there has been a tendency both here and in the United States to treat the forthcoming talks as a discussion of special British difficulties, they will take place against the background of the long-term crisis in the relations between the Western Hemisphere and the rest of the world.

That Britain's dollar crisis is acute needs no further emphasis. There is good reason to fear that the next returns, at the end of September, will show a continuing and alarming drain upon the sterling area's fast-dwindling central reserve of gold and dollars, and estimates of Britain's allocation of Marshall Aid for the present year indicate that E.R.P. assistance will be wholly inadequate to bridge the widening gap. In fact, unless agreement is reached at Washington upon effective remedial measures, Britain faces total dollar bankruptcy by the summer of next year. There are no illusions about this on either side of the Atlantic; and President Truman's sensible speech at Philadelphia gives an assurance that his Administration's approach to the problem will be "in a spirit of friendliness and helpfulness."

It would be rash to expect panaceas to emerge from Washington. Mr. Hoffman's continued insistence that greater efforts should be made by British manufacturers to secure a larger share of the dollar market is, at best, a distant remedy and, on the basis of past experience, extremely difficult to apply. Equally, the task of making British exports more competitive in price involves a process of re-equipment and reorganisation which is bound to take years rather than months. Devaluation of sterling—a tempting but deceptive device for stimulating exports—would do ultimately more harm than good. Thus, it seems, the immediate situation will have to be met in part by further economies in Britain's dollar spending. The degree of renewed austerity will depend upon how far the Americans, on their side, are willing to pump more dollars into the British account, either by stockpiling purchases of colonial products, by extending credits or by investing in the less-developed territories of the sterling area. There have also been American suggestions that, if sterling is devalued, the International Bank or some other agency might undertake to maintain the sterling area's gold reserve at an agreed minimum figure, and that the strain on the overall balance of payments might be relieved by discounting in Wall Street some portion of Britain's sterling debts.

By one means or another, we may hope, the immediate British crisis will be tided over; indeed, the increasingly doubtful outlook for the American economy this autumn may be a strong card in the British delegates' hands. The greater the pressure of the American surplus, the more sympathetically will the Administration listen to British proposals for disposing of at least a part of it. Apart from the consideration that a solution based primarily upon drastic reductions in British imports would have disastrous repercussions on Canada, as her spokesmen in Washington will undoubtedly emphasise, Sir Stafford Cripps may find strange allies in the powerful lobbies on Capitol Hill of the American primary producers.

It is here that the conference must face the implications of the fundamental crisis, which is by no means confined to Britain. Indeed, the proportion of total imports paid for by Marshall Aid is lower in Britain's case than in those of all other members of O.E.E.C. save Belgium and Sweden. It is apt to be forgotten that although Britain last year had a deficit of $361 millions on merchandise trade account with the U.S., the deficit of the rest of Europe was $2,825 millions, while that of non-European countries was $2,358 millions. Thus, while Britain's emergency will have the centre of the stage in Washington, it will be merely a case of putting off the evil day if full account is not taken during the talks of this fundamental disequilibrium. And that, as Mr. Truman shows welcome signs of recognising, is just as much America's problem as it is Britain's.

Next Steps at Home

American assistance apart, there is a domestic side to the dollar problem which cannot be overlooked: in defending the Welfare State against its more frenzied American critics, Britain should not slip into the contrary and complacent argument that all is well with our productive system and that little can be done to increase its efficiency. Three criticisms have substance. First, that the drive for maximum output has protected marginal firms and thereby increased costs. Secondly, that the post-war sellers' market, together with the partial settlement of blocked sterling debts by unrequited exports, sheltered British exporters from the bite of competition. Lastly, that restrictive practices on the part of both producers and the unions still continue. All these are obstructions to efficiency, though there may be good excuses for each of them. If the Americans over-estimate their importance, that is no reason for denying that they exist or for failing to seek even drastic remedies for them. The Government, however, seems to prefer a different and more traditional approach to the problem. The Treasury circular asking for Departmental economies and reported preparations for further cuts in the capital investment programme are both "sound" deflationary

policies rather than contributions to productive efficiency. And, if they make inroads upon the Government's domestic programme, which seems probable, and are accompanied by a policy of increasing incentives to dollar-earning firms, the principle of "Fair Shares" may well be endangered. The Government's dilemma is that there is no simple way of reconciling "Fair Shares" with the incentives and sanctions of the "free" economy. And once the retreat from planning and the Welfare State begins, it may be difficult to stop: the burden of austerity would then fall upon the Government's working-class supporters, while the dollar-earning industrialist would be earning greater profits than ever.

The Right Road for Germany

Dr. Adenauer and his conservative colleagues, who range from the extremity of Bavarian separatism to the "progressive" wing of the Christian Democratic Party, are having it all their own way in Western Germany. This is not surprising in a Chamber of Deputies divided, as this one is, into three main groups—the Christian Democrats and other Right-wingers with 256 seats, the Social-Democrats with 131 seats, and the Communists with 15 seats. Such a "victory for moderation and common sense," as Mr. Dean Acheson called it, leaves the Social-Democrats with little room for manoeuvre and the Communists with none at all. Deplorable though it is to have an entirely Right-wing Government in Germany four years after the Hitlerite régime was dragged down in the ruins of defeat, it will be clear that the Social-Democrats could not enter such a coalition without throwing up their whole programme. Nor is there any sign, indeed, that Adenauer ever intended to seek their alliance. For him, clearly enough, the main job is to get back as quickly as possible to "business as usual." His own outlook, after all, was formed during the first world war and the German capitalist recovery of the 'Twenties; his policy, presumably, will aim at a permanent conservative victory by the help of American aid. It is perhaps symbolic of the West German State that the likely occupant of its Ministry of Reconstruction is reported as Dr. Hans Seebohm, one of the leaders of the "German Party", whose political position, comparably, lies somewhere between Mosley and Sir Waldron Smithers. Small wonder that the Left wing of the Christian Democrats, supported in the Ruhr by a considerable trade union following, is anxious and dissatisfied—or that the Social-Democrats, perhaps somewhat to their own relief, have found themselves almost automatically excluded from office.

Our Cut-throat Competitors

Jules Moch was probably speaking for the majority of Frenchmen of all parties when he drew attention, a few days ago, to the "reviving nationalism of Germany," and to the danger of drawing Western Germany into the Council of Europe. Like any Frenchman, he was no doubt thinking primarily of the thrice-violated frontier. Here in Britain, by contrast, the results of the German general election have met with an indifference and complacency which is the more astonishing in that "the German danger" to Britain—or at least to Britain's exports—is now both real and immediate. The West German capitalists intend to recover by unrestricted "free enterprise"—which means, of course, by depressing the standard of living of the German workers to a point at which their exports can both yield the profit that is necessary to their capital accumulation, and can under-cut British export prices. Largely through our own fault, we have now created a cut-throat, capitalist competitor whose ruthless ways are well known from the past. Either the Germans are to be induced to abandon "free enterprise"—and to switch to "fair shares for all," with higher wages, lower profits, more housing, better social services—or the British, forced to compete with them, will find their own costs too high. Mr. Bevin might usefully reflect a little on this in Washington—might reflect, for instance, that one way of lessening the threatening pressure of German competition would be to induce the Americans to allow more German exports to go to markets where they do not directly collide with British exports—and notably to Eastern Europe.

Pressure on Finland

The Baltic has always been Russia's window to the West, and to-day Finland remains the freest loophole in the Iron Curtain. Twice defeated by the Red Army, Finland has somehow managed to go its own way, escaping both physical inclusion in the Soviet sphere and domination by its own Communists. Its relations with the U.S.S.R. are formally correct, but no more friendly than such proximity and the peace treaty demand. Its minority Government of Social-Democrats, which enjoys the support of the Right, has now been faced with a serious strike wave, under Communist leadership, which began among the paper workers at Kemi and spread to the lumber, transport, building, foodstuffs and metal trades. The industrial workers, who have been dissatisfied for some time with the wages-freeze, came out strongly behind the strikes, only to be met with drastic police action, the use of troops and the arrests of several of their leaders. The moderates in the Trade Union Federation, who have a majority, for their part have expelled four striking unions and warned another, no doubt hoping that the rank-and-file of these unions can be won away from the Communists. But these tactics may not succeed. The Finnish Social-Democrats have always been militant anti-Communists—their old leader, Hr. Tanner, has been serving a sentence for collaboration—but the Communists are still, in spite of their decline in the last two years, a more powerful force than they were before the two anti-Soviet wars. The drastic steps taken against the strikers may convince the fainthearts that they have erred, but they may well consolidate others behind the Communists who, at this stage, want to put the militants to the test, not to gather a following of the timid and the confused.

The Advance on Canton

On the vast Chinese chess-board the military pieces are moving with dramatic rapidity. In the North-west, the capture by the Communists of Lanchow, the capital of Kansu Province, appears to dispose completely of the theory, fostered by General Chennault, that the process of "liberation" would be held up by effective resistance from the Moslem oligarchy who rule the North-western provinces. Strategically, however, interest centres on developments in the South. Here the Communist tactics are apparently to contain the Nationalist forces commanded by General Pai in Hunan, and to throw their main weight into a two-pronged attack through Fukien and Kwangtung, aimed respectively at Amoy and Canton. Already Communist advance guards are within striking distance of Amoy, which General Chennault's airline has evacuated for Swatow. Further west, in Kwangtung, the advance of General Liu Po-cheng's regulars is being assisted by a general uprising of guerilla forces throughout the province. There are no indications that any serious attempt to defend Canton can be made.

Trouble at Ashridge

The smooth tenour of Ashridge, to whose achievements as a residential College for Citizenship Dr. Joad pays tribute in an article on a later page, has been rudely disturbed by the decision of the Governors to allocate part of the accommodation to forty students from the House of Citizenship Limited, an institution founded shortly before the war as a finishing school in modern affairs for girls. It is not clear to what extent this development is connected with the notices of dismissal served on General Paget, the Principal, and three members of his staff. Nor is it clear whether the step has had the approval of the Ashridge Educational Council, of which Mr. Arthur Bryant is chairman. On the face of it, doubts may well be entertained whether the incorporation of a specialised girls' finishing school, charging (it would appear) fairly stiff fees, is compatible with the aims, which General Paget steadily pursued, of making the week-end courses at Ashridge accessible to a wide range of social classes and incomes. The Governors' case, presumably, is that the financial straits of the college made it imperative to raise funds by subletting part of the vast building. The whole incident lends point to Dr. Joad's plea that the State should step in to relieve Ashridge and similar experiments in adult education of their present financial embarrassments.

Rolling Circle's Speed

Maine, it is said, has two seasons—July and Winter. This seems increasingly true of English cricket, as the football season creeps upon it at both ends of the summer and the knock of the pool canvasser interrupts the broadcast of a Test Match. The village cricketers play on, upholding the sensible but now apparently old-fashioned scheme of things in which both cricket and football had their due place. Is cricket losing its appeal? Is life becoming so crowded in England that we no longer can appreciate the leisured grace of cricket but prefer short, decisive contests like baseball and ice-hockey? Certainly, as far as betting habits affect our taste in sports, football has great advantages over cricket. For the spectator, cricket seems less inviting than ever. The English affection for it as a spectacle has always puzzled outsiders, who find it hard to enjoy the measured progress of a game through three days. But impatience at this measured progress has spread to the English themselves this season, as the first-class teams ambled through the summer on perfect wickets and the Tests petered out in irritating draws, for which even the close finish in the county championship is no compensation. The paradox of cricket is that the crowd wants to see the runs come and see the wickets fall: the careful game is a bore. Hence the cry for faster bowlers and more adventurous batsmen. But if we want young men to devote themselves to the short and arduous career of fast bowling, we must give them security against the day when their bolt is shot. If the professional is to take over county cricket—and one, perhaps, may soon captain England—he must be paid as a professional entertainer and not as a socially inferior technician. We have been told *ad nauseam* that the distinction has gone between Players and Gentlemen. Yet we still treat cricket as the amateur's hobby in the age of professional sport.

THE EMPEROR'S CLOTHES

OCCASIONALLY, like the child in the fable of The Emperor's Clothes, someone is innocent enough to see the bare facts and to recognise the human race in its primordial nakedness, without the trappings of ideologies, uniforms or even striped-pants. Mr. Truman had something of that child-sightedness in his Fourth Point, and so had Sir John Russell in his impressive address on "World Population and World Food Supplies" as President of this year's British Association meeting, at Newcastle. Both recognised the greater reality—which includes the lesser realities like the East-West conflict and the dollar crisis and the other headline issues of the day—the struggle for human survival.

Mr. Truman's programme of technical aid to under-developed territories, if it were effectively and disinterestedly implemented, is a right approach, and Sir John Russell, one of the world's greatest agricultural scientists and a rare and sympathetic authority on Eastern Europe, showed how completely rewarding such technical aid could be. At first sight, the facts would seem to justify Malthus's predictions of 150 years ago—that the human race is multiplying beyond the food-producing capacity of the earth. The present population is 2,300,000,000, three times as great as it was in Malthus's day; it is increasing at the rate of 20 millions a year; and, as Sir John pointed out, the rate of increase may rise as science advances, social services improve and bodies like the World Health Organisation become fully operative. Every minute 40 more mouths have to be fed. And every minute hundreds of acres of soil are lost by erosion. In the United States some 330 million out of 460 million acres of good arable land have suffered from erosion. So have about half the wheatlands of Australia.

A grim picture. Yet Sir John Russell is optimistic because he knows what science, if it is permitted, can do. He recalled the famous pronouncement by his predecessor, Sir William Crookes, in his presidential address to the British Association in 1898, when he startled the world by declaring that the process of expansion—the opening up of new territories, which had belied Malthus in the 19th Century—was over, and by the 1930s the world would go hungry unless crop yields were raised. But those who quote Crookes and Malthus in the same breath forget that, at the same time, Crookes proposed the answer—the production of artificial fertilisers by the fixation of nitrogen from the air. To-day the consumption of artificial fertilisers is 4,000,000 tons a year, twice what it was before the war. In moist regions, nitrogenous fertilisers fulfilled Crookes' expectations and saved us from hunger in two wars.

The wheat problem, which obsessed Crookes, was solved, however, by other means which he had not foreseen. A new science stepped in—the science of plant genetics. When it was possible to juggle with hereditary characteristics and obtain new varieties to meet specific conditions—early ripening, drought and frost resistance and so on—marginal lands became productive farms. By this means the wheat acreage of Canada, Australia and Argentine increased from 16 million acres, in 1898, to 63 million acres, in 1930. And so far from there being shortages (except, of course, for those too poor to buy) there was a glut in the 'Thirties and the Argentine burned wheat in locomotives.

To-day soil-chemistry and soil-physics combine with plant-genetics to extend the agricultural use of marginal lands. Large tracts hitherto unfertile have yielded the secrets of their barrenness—in some cases due to the lack of suppliable trace-elements, like zinc, copper, molybdenum and others. Plants are being borrowed from different parts of the world (grasses from Russia, Turkestan, Africa, and India, for example) and cross-bred to suit the soil and climatic conditions of other parts.

Apart from ambitious projects like the T.V.A., relatively simple measures, such as using bull-dozers to scoop out water-holes in Australia and Africa, or sinking tube-wells in Asia, can open up whole new territories. Agriculture is being pushed northwards into the Arctic and into the wet tropics. The projected Nile scheme will take care of Egypt's problems for at least a generation and scientists have paved the way for the development of a big acreage of Central and East African savannah-land, hitherto empty because of the tsetse fly and lack of surface water.

But science can increase not only the acreage but the yield per acre. The yield of wheat in Britain used to be 8 to 10 cwts per acre; it now averages 20 cwts, and the best farmers can get as much as 40 cwts. Consider the possibilities of raising towards such proportions the world average of 7 cwts per acre; or of raising the milk yield of 550 gallons per cow, the average in Britain (high, by world comparisons) to the not uncommon yield of 1,000 to 1,200 gallons; or of replacing the primitive methods of the majority of the world's peasants. Whereas one land-worker now feeds only 4 to 5 people, by modern methods he could feed 15 to 20.

Rice, which Sir John described as the "most crucial crop in the world and its shortage the cause of Asiatic unrest," can give a much greater yield per acre through use of new types of plants and of fertilisers. Soil erosion, the price we pay for selfish and wanton exploitation of the soil, can be arrested and reversed. Sir John pointed out, for example, that, as a result of the measures taken by the Soil Conservation Service of the U.S., the "Dust Bowl" states—Oklahoma, Kansas, and Texas—are now producing more wheat than they did before the "Bowl" was heard of.

But in dozens of other ways science can increase food supplies—by attacking pests, weeds, and plant- and animal-diseases, which destroy food for millions; by using algae and fungi, particularly yeasts, to synthesise fats and proteins; by feeding thyroxin tablets to cows to increase the fat content of milk by as much as 20 per cent; by getting milk from virgin or barren cows; by artificial insemination, by which one prize bull could sire 10,000 or 15,000 cattle a year; or by taking the ova (fertilised by artificial insemination) from a pedigree cow, and transplanting them into a scrub cow which would complete the birth, so that a dozen offspring, instead of one, could be got from the chosen mother.

Mechanisation can increase the world's food production out of all proportion, since a large part of the world's farming is done with tools as primitive as those of Biblical times. In Britain, before the war there were about 60,000 tractors and 650,000 horses; last year there were over 260,000 tractors and less than 192,000 horses; our farms had 1½ million "horse-equivalents," a gain of 68 per cent.; and during the war the output per man-year rose by 15 per cent. At the same time, while 500,000 acres of land were reclaimed, there was a net loss of land under crops and grass of 439,000 acres and rough-grazings shrank by 1,400,000 acres. This "administrative erosion" was due mainly to the demands for airfields, battle-courses, roads and the spreading towns with the amenities they required. There was left to produce our food an allotment per person of about half the size of a football pitch. Even from that Sir John hopes to get more and better food, although these islands with their 50 millions can never hope to be self-sufficient.

About 11 thousand million acres of the earth's surface are estimated to be "climatically suited" for crop growth; of that only between 3 thousand and 4 thousand million acres are actually used—between 7 and 10 per cent. of the total land surface; some 85 to 90 per cent. of this is used for food, the rest for industrial crops; and this represents 1½ acres per head, enough, at British yields, to give the British pre-war dietary to each individual in the world; but there are another 3½ acres per head awaiting development. Science knows the facts and it knows a lot of the answers.

Sir John Russell was wrong when he said that, apart from seeking out the truth, Science can give little guidance in those great moral and spiritual problems which lie at the root of our most serious troubles to-day. Facts such as he produced carry powerful moral and political sanctions, which statesmen and politicians will ignore at their peril. Much of the unrest and insurgence in backward countries is hunger becoming articulate. Communists are ready to capitalise this and will have a desperate following as long as such conditions prevail. Punitive expeditions can succeed, at best, only temporarily. But the facts are as valid for the Communists as for the West; they must find the answers and satisfy the needs; and if the Communists dominated the world to-morrow, the technical and scientific measures they would have to take would be such as Sir John suggested.

In tackling this "Greater Reality," Russia has big contributions of experience and expertise to make. So has the West, which has also the industrial potential to supply the material requirements. If Mr. Truman's Fourth Point is corrupted to mean merely American commercial dominion, it is not the answer which Sir John Russell's facts demand. But, if it were a genuine United Nations' functional approach, with Russia involved, then it could well provide the first real basis for a working truce between the conflicting ideologies.

IS THE THIRD FORCE DEFEATED?

WESTERN Europe to-day is passing through a much graver mental and ideological crisis than anyone who reads only the popular British press would realise. The most serious symptom of the disease is to be found in the threatened disappearance of the Third Force. Now what exactly is the Third Force? It means, in fact, three different, though closely related, things: (*a*) ideological; (*b*) political; (*c*) military. There was a time—about three or four years ago, and, indeed, even more recently—when one often heard it said that Western Europe, largely under the inspiration of the mighty Labour Party of Great Britain, would develop a political and ideological pattern of its own, which would be different from both American capitalism and Soviet Communism. This Third Force would be a happy blend of Socialist planning, social justice and political freedom. It would help the colonial peoples along the road of enlightenment and emancipation. It would largely avoid unemployment and the other scourges of capitalist organisation. It was hoped and believed by millions that this ideological Third Force was something with which Communism would find it much harder to compete than with dis-

credited old-time capitalism, as still largely represented by the United States. The weakness of the Communists in England was adduced as evidence. It was expected, especially in the months that followed the Labour victory in Britain, that this ideological conception of the Third Force would have a profound formative effect on Western European minds.

The second Third Force conception—which relates to separate countries—developed especially after 1947, when the Communists were eliminated from the French and Italian governments, and when it took the concrete form of Third Force parties and of Third Force governments, with Oppositions both to their Right and to their Left. Such parties and governments claimed to pursue civilised, progressive, middle-course policies, neither too conservative, nor too Socialistic.

Finally, there existed at one time, the conception of a geographical or military Third Force; French political thinkers—or should one say dreamers?—dreading another world war, liked to think that Western Europe, and especially France, had the noblest of all missions: they thought of Western Europe as a *terrain d' entente*, or even as a buffer of wisdom and moderation placed between the two impetuous young Colossi. Alas! long before the signing of the Atlantic Pact, which finally turned Western Europe into part of the American military sphere, this third conception of the Third Force went up in smoke. Perhaps it was the least realistic of the three; though that its disappearance caused, and is still causing, real regret to many a Frenchman is undoubtedly true. Even as late as last May, during the Four Ministers' Conference in Paris, when the Atlantic Pact had already been signed, the *Monde* argued that although Western Europe could not, in the circumstances, be expected to act as a buffer between America and Russia, perhaps Germany could. And it very seriously demonstrated the fact that the neutralisation of Germany would, for the sake of peace, be infinitely preferable to her inclusion, sooner or later, in the Atlantic Pact; the writer also thought that Russia would welcome the idea. It does not, however, appear to have been discussed by the four Foreign Ministers, and latterly nothing more has been said by anybody about the "neutralisation" of Germany, even though it would still seem feasible, despite the division of Germany in two. Instead, everybody is now wondering, not *whether* but *when* Western Germany will be admitted to the Council of Europe—and, indeed, into the Atlantic Pact.

What is Europe? What does Europe mean? More thought has been given to this question in France than in any other country. France is conscious of being the centre of Western Europe, and the politically minded—who are, proportionately, more numerous here than in most other countries—are profoundly disturbed by the course that events are taking. They fear that all kinds of dangerous commitments, both political and military, may be inflicted on France, almost without her knowledge. M. Schuman, the Foreign Minister, while, the other day, saying that he was favourable "in principle" to the admission of Western Germany to Strasbourg, hastened to add that he would do nothing without the consent of both Chambers. M. Bidault, also representing the M.R.P., promptly intervened, in reply to Mr. Churchill's plea in Germany's favour, to produce the red herring of the Saar.

Generally, the French are sceptical about Strasbourg. The *Monde* wrote the other day:

> The greatest mistake the statesmen at Strasbourg could make would be to imagine that Europe has already been born. Europe has not yet even been conceived.

This was written in a paper standing very close to, though not subservient to, the Quai d'Orsay. The De Gaullists, in a resolution by their Central Committee, took an equally negative attitude to Strasbourg: they called it a lot of window-dressing, and said that, if anything was to be made of "Europe," the first thing to do was to have a regular referendum by all voters in the European countries, saying whether they desired a European Federation; if they said Yes, it would be up to the Governments to agree on a super-government, which could deal, without regard for national sovereignties, with certain specific questions like trade and economic planning on a West European scale.

If, to De Gaullists, Strasbourg is merely eye-wash and window-dressing, it is worse than that to many others who consider it as merely an auxiliary body to the Atlantic Pact, and one which will *really* begin to function the way Mr. Churchill would like to see it function, only when all the governments of Western Europe, including Britain, become sound Right-wing governments, and are united in a negative policy of hysterical anti-Communism, and a worship of free enterprise. As one French commentator put it: "Is it really worth having a 'united Europe' if it is to be run by Gasperi, Churchill, Van Zeeland, and Adenauer, whose 'free enterprise' will only land us in even much worse economic chaos than we have already?" Such a "Europe" could only end in two ways, the triumph of the Communists or—and this would be the conservative rulers' way of preventing such a Communist triumph—in war.

Here and there, it is true, one also comes across what might be called the defeatist line—for there comes a time when many Frenchmen will weaken and use this sort of defeatist argument. Thus M. Aron, in the *Figaro*, which reflects, perhaps more faithfully than the *Monde*, the existing Right-wing tendencies in the Government, thought it was wisest to make the best of a bad job, and try to come to terms with the German "moderates," as long as they were as "moderate" as Adenauer; the result of the German election, he argued, was the best one could expect from the Germans, and it would be naive to suppose that denazification or democratisation could have the slightest lasting effect on the Germans, anyway. This sort of argument is, of course, merely a French echo of Mr. McCloy's delight at the result of the German election, and a symptom of all the Rightist, and not merely anti-Communist, but also anti-Socialist clans getting together. As in the past, the French Right (the *droite classique*, more than the Gaullists) is now also placing its class interests above national interests.

The tendency is not very clear yet, but now and then one already detects some familiar old tunes—tunes reminding one of the days of Laval and of de Brinon's *Comité France-Allemagne*. This, however, is not yet typical of the mood of France. There is, on the contrary, a sharp distrust of Germany, especially of its "new" men (for how soon will they start screaming for the Saar?), and of the Americans, whose policy seems highly adventurous at times and tending to involve France in heaven knows what new messes.

There is the military problem, for one thing. The French are not at all sure that France will be effectively defended against a Soviet invasion—since it is somehow assumed that that is how the next war will "inevitably" start. Some prominence was given to the statement by General De Lattre de Tassigny saying that, while the territory of all the five signatories of the Brussels Pact would be "effectively defended," there were *nuances* between the French conception and Montgomery's conception of how this should be done. The most reassuring thing, said the *Monde* in this connection, was that, with peacetime conscription in Britain, she would have a larger army than the French Army; this had never happened before. It was "a great historic novelty." Speaking, about the same time, at a luncheon of the Anglo-American Press in Paris, General Revers, the French Chief of Staff, visualised the next war as starting with a Russian *coup de balai*, a sudden "sweep" into Western Europe; the Western Allies would have to stop such an attack—if only for a short time; that would be enough, for, in the meantime, atom bombs would obliterate Russia. But few Frenchmen are reassured by that sort of talk; most of them don't like the idea of atom bombs being started off anywhere, nor are they at all sure that a Russian invasion—even with a "superior" British army—can be stopped so much more easily than the Germans were stopped in 1940. I shall again quote the *Monde* which, very pointedly, at the time of the recent Staff talks, published a series of articles by a Major de Seversky, formerly of the Tsarist Army, who said that it would take ten years to built up any land forces in Western Europe which could stop the Red Army, as it was at present—and how strong would it be in ten years' time? In case of war, he said, the invasion of France would be inevitable, and if the Russians were to be defeated, they would be defeated by atom bombs. I don't know whether M. de Seversky is a great expert or not; but the fact that the leading French newspaper—roughly, the equivalent of *The Times*—should have published his theories suggests how detestable the thought of war is to French opinion—whether the atom bombs do the trick or don't. The French also realise only too clearly that the "new" people in Germany—and some who have welcomed them—are bolder and more reckless spirits.

Paris, August. ALEXANDER WERTH

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AND CATHOLICISM

ROMAN Catholics are America's largest and most vocal minority. The ties of their Church cut across political, social and ethnic divisions, binding together a claimed twenty-six million Americans into a group which, on questions touching its faith, can act with remarkable vigour and cohesion. Its vitality is the envy of other denominations afflicted by increasing religious apathy. In 1908, it was a missionary branch of the Roman system: to-day it contributes more money to Rome than all the other branches combined. It stages impressive parades and spectacles, combining its traditional ritual with the American flair for size and colour. Its notable conversions are skilfully publicised. The newspapers treat its activities at length and with deference. Few film producers or publishers will risk a Catholic boycott by refusing to suppress passages that the hierarchy considers objectionable. The sponsors of a radio programme which is thought offensive—and even a mild reference to planned parenthood has been so condemned—are subjected to an organised campaign of protest.

The fear, too, of political reprisals makes many members of Congress and of local legislatures extremely sensitive to the pressure of their Catholic constituents, much more sensitive,

normally, than their numbers warrant. But, on matters that affect the fundamental interests of the Church, it is the duty of every Catholic to jettison every other loyalty, and so much legislation to-day does, in the opinion of the hierarchy, affect those interests that, on such issues as educational policy or the legality of contraceptive medical advice, there is a definite and declared "Catholic vote." Though the proportion of Catholics in the American population has remained fairly constant at about one-fifth for most of this century, no one can doubt that their influence in American life has been steadily increasing. That is a matter of fact. It is the social impact of that influence which is controversial, and its continued increase raises some serious problems for American democracy.

Unfortunately, however, a frank discussion of these problems is as rare as it is necessary. The critic of the Catholic hierarchy is too prone to extravagant indictment: the Church defends itself less with argument than with charges of bigotry and inaccuracy. Indeed, many Americans are not really aware that any problems exist, for even the most reasonable and informed critics find it hard to gain a public hearing. One must, therefore, welcome the initiative of a small Unitarian publishing house which recently issued Mr. Paul Blanshard's rational and documented analysis of American Catholicism*; but one must also note the treatment this important book has received from the newspapers. Only four papers outside New York have reviewed it so far. The *New York Times* gave it a cursory notice at the end of its book supplement, but refused to carry more than one small advertisement for it. The *Herald-Tribune*, a month late, reviewed it during the week, but omitted any review from its Sunday book section. The Catholic Press, on the contrary, has given the book a great deal of critical attention, thus disposing of the weak pretence that the book is unworthy of notice. It has, incidentally, already sold more than 40,000 copies. Its author, Mr. Blanshard, was the immediate cause of the banning of *The Nation* from school libraries in New Jersey and New York; it published a series of articles by him last year, which he has expanded into this book. He asked then, as he asks now, whether American Catholics can

> . . . reconcile their convictions as American democrats with the philosophy of their priests, their hierarchy and their Pope . . . for they are compelled by the very nature of their Church's authoritarian structure to accept non-religious as well as religious policies that have been imposed upon them from abroad.

Now Mr. Blanshard, in my opinion, is perfectly entitled to ask that question. His critique may be wrong, but it can only be denounced as provocative or offensive by those who confuse toleration with acquiescence. When a democracy accords its citizens religious freedom, it does not confer upon any denomination a privileged immunity from criticism. While neither Mr. Blanshard nor any other sensible person wishes to restrict the liberty of Catholics to worship in their own fashion, any citizen may legitimately take issue with the Catholic Church, or with any religious group, if it descends into the political arena and mobilises its members for specific objectives. Thus, the Catholic ritual is not Mr. Blanshard's business, except as a matter of philosophical interest; but the successful Catholic campaign to make it illegal for Massachusetts doctors to give contraceptive advice certainly is his business. So, too, is the hierarchy's directive to Catholic judges, in the twenty-seven States which have sterilisation laws, to disregard their official oaths to enforce all laws impartially, for, as one Catholic authority insists, "no circumstances can justify a judge in giving a decision that the law should be put in operation." It is important to make this distinction clear. As long as the American Catholic confuses criticism of the social policies of his Church with bigotry directed against his religious beliefs, he will not be able to understand the genuine dilemma which Mr. Blanshard poses.

To whom do you owe allegiance? Every Catholic knows the stock answer to this stock question. He has been taught since childhood that his loyalty in things temporal is to his civil government, whatever its form, but in things spiritual it is to God, here witnessed by the Church and the Holy Father. Since this rule seems to operate quite simply in practice, he normally sees no reason to question its adequacy. Indeed, as long as civil government confines itself to the collection of taxes, to defence, to public security and such traditional functions, problems seldom arise. The limitation upon State sovereignty imposed by a Catholic's spiritual allegiance to the Pope is abstract rather than obstructive. But with the development of the Welfare State, government moves increasingly into the sphere of "morals." It is here that divided loyalties begin to matter.

When the State, for reasons that satisfy its non-Catholic citizens, legislates on matters affecting the family and education, it may find the Church denying its right to "force the observance of immoral or irreligious laws" upon the people. Public policy and Church policy are then in conflict. The Church, in such circumstances, may defy the law; it may urge, for expediency, temporary acceptance of the law, without conceding the State's moral right to enforce it; and it may apply religious sanctions against any of its members who obey the civil law. The Church is quite logical in this; "in cases of direct contradiction" says the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, "the jurisdiction of the Church prevails, and that of the State is excluded." If a clear line could be drawn between the two jurisdictions, the doctrine of ultimate Church superiority would not matter. But since, in the modern State, the two increasingly overlap, it may be hard to reconcile the competing claims of Church and State. This, of course, applies to other minorities, such as Jehovah's Witnesses, but the size of the Catholic minority in America and its undeniable power make this a serious and delicate problem.

There are, moreover, two further complications. First, the Catholic Church is not a democratic institution. Its structure reflects its doctrine, in which authority descends from the Pope downwards through the hierarchy without challenge by its lay members. Secondly, the ultimate authority residing in the Pope is outside American society, and the Apostolic Delegate in Washington, always an Italian, is superior to the American hierarchy. Thus, although the American Church is permitted to guide its members on everyday matters, on fundamental questions it must accept decisions made elsewhere. If those decisions dealt solely with the internal affairs of the Church, the Catholic's willingness to accept external and authoritarian control of his spiritual life might concern his fellow-citizens, but it would not create political difficulties. These decisions, however, affect the Catholic as a citizen: under Canon Law, he must support the social policies of the Church; for, such is the nature of his doctrine, they are essential instruments for the security of his Church and for his own spiritual welfare. Politically, therefore, the American Catholics are a powerful pressure group whose basic policies are defined for them by a leadership over which they have no control, which can use most persuasive religious arguments to ensure their active support, and which is ultimately not American.

Now these social policies are not limited to a few objectives of special and obvious interest to the Church; they reach into every corner of American life. The Church, as a State within a State, cannot disregard any aspect of its members' lives. For every social activity it creates its own organisation with its own policies. The list is fantastically long. Virtually nothing but the armed Services is excluded, and even then ex-servicemen are recruited into the Catholic War Veterans. For doctors there is the Federation of Catholic Physician's Guilds; journalists and broadcasters have their own groups, students their Federation and postal employees their Eucharistic League. Boy Scouts? Some four hundred thousand are now organised by the Church. There are a Catholic "Mother of the Year," the All-Catholic All-American Football Team, the Catholic Trade Unionists, Anthropologists, Airmen, Total Abstainers, Men, Women Daughters of America, Knights of Columbus, Actors, Writers and even Court Attachés. To each organisation, the Church appoints clerical "advisers." Through this vast network, the Catholic is not only bound more closely to his Church, but he may also be mobilised more readily for whatever campaigns the hierarchy may choose to launch.

Such campaigns are the crux of the matter, for the social objectives of the Church, if achieved, would impose restrictions upon the life and behaviour of the non-Catholic majority which, since it does not share the doctrinal premises on which they are based, sees no cause to accept them. The defeat of the Child Labour Amendment to the Constitution, socially most desirable, was undoubtedly in large part due to the influence of Cardinals O'Connell and Hayes, who held that it would interfere with parental control of children. The hierarchy has time and again secured the defeat of legislation, especially in the fields of medicine, education and social welfare, with which it disagreed, though the legitimate minority rights of Catholics were in no way threatened. It has strong, though indirect powers of censorship, not merely of books and films, but also, in the areas in which the Church is influential, or on the radio, of the spoken word. Through the powerful city machines, it wields an often disproportionate influence in local and even national politics. Finally, the medical and educational theories of the Church, which impose limitations upon the methods of doctors and the scholarship and general outlook of teachers, are not confined in their effects to Catholics who make use of these institutions. The discrepancy in standards is felt by the whole community, the more so where its health and educational facilities are staffed by Catholics.

In short, the problems raised for American democracy by the policies of its Catholic minority are not, for the majority, religious problems at all, although the Catholic social programme is advanced in the name of religion. To criticise it is not to discriminate against a minority: it is to prevent the minority dominating the society by assiduous confusion of the real issues.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

(To be Concluded.)

* *American Freedom and Catholic Power*. By Paul Blanshard. *Beacon Press*, Boston. $3.50.

A LONDON DIARY

PROFESSOR Bernal may have been wrongly reported, but if he indeed told a Soviet audience that Stalin was "a great leader and protector of science" and that the direction of science in the capitalist countries was "in the hands of those who hated peace and wanted war," then I can only assume that he was carried away by the atmosphere of Moscow. Bernal, the youngest F.R.S., whose encyclopaedic mind has earned him, even amongst his learned colleagues, the title of "sage," has been a Communist and one of the most thoughtful and subtle of Marxists ever since he was an undergraduate at Cambridge after the first world war. That is why I am surprised at these phrases. What could be more "un-Marxist" than this obviously silly statement about directing minds in the West "hating" peace and "wanting" war? A Marxist, I should have thought, would have pointed out that very few people indeed in authority anywhere are mad enough to want war, but that, objectively, they find themselves in the war machine preparing war against Russia just as Soviet scientists find themselves preparing war against the West. As to Bernal's reported remark about Stalin as the great protector of science, I am sure that he believes it to be true; he has written a great deal, not in my view very convincingly, about the frustration of science in the West in comparison with its functional efficiency in the Soviet Union. Moreover any Communist making a public speech in Moscow would certainly pay the highest tribute to Stalin. But I had never thought of Bernal as a sycophant, and it appears to me entirely shocking for a responsible person to give his blessing to Soviet foreign policy when speaking in Moscow at a time when Russia seems to be fomenting a trial of force in the Balkans. If Bernal had made a statement of this kind in Washington I should have understood. But if the object of Professor Bernal and the Dean of Canterbury and Mr. Crowther is peace—and knowing them I should have thought it must be—then they missed a heaven-sent opportunity of warning Soviet Youth of the dangers of war propaganda—which is now being more recklessly used by Moscow than by Washington.

* * *

It may be, of course, that the Dean of Canterbury and Professor Bernal and Mr. Crowther, preaching peace in Moscow, are ignorant of the threatening terms of Moscow's Notes to Belgrade. Even the Dean, who has probably more genius for self-deception than anyone else alive, could not have been quite so lavish in his benisons on everything Soviet if he had compared Russia's present attitude to her Yugoslav ally (to say nothing of her past behaviour to Balts and Poles) with the statements in the latest Russian Note about democracy being based on "self-determination." Russia may be right on diplomatic details about Carinthia just as I think the Cominform's criticisms of Yugoslavia's economy were often justified. But Russia cannot be right in adopting methods towards her neighbours that are, technically speaking, an imitation of Hitler's. The difficulty of discussing this matter with Communists is that it seems to be enough for them that Russia's ideal of world Communism bears no relations to Hitler's aim of world conquest by the Nordic people. That is all they worry about. If you point out that devastating secondary effects, likely to plunge the world into war, spring from this type of propaganda, from continuous bullying of a small Power and the total disregard of civil rights, you are simply written off as a Liberal, or, in moments of passion, as a Fascist beast.

* * *

President Truman's loyalty to his friends is awkwardly reminiscent of Harding's. At the moment, Truman is standing by Harry Vaughan, his military aide and an old Missouri crony, who is deeply involved in the scandal—something like our *affaire Stanley*—over Government contracts. Most of the men around him are second rate. They differ, someone said recently in *Harper's*, from Roosevelt's cronies by about eighty pounds around the waist. But I agree with Harold Ickes, one of the surviving New Dealers, that the President's worst act of loyalty is the nomination of his Attorney-General, Tom Clark, to the Supreme Court. Clark is a likeable, but inept, lawyer, whose only claim to the honour is his devotion to the President and the Democratic Party. Clark, on the contrary, has directed the campaign against the Communists, made a fool of himself in the Eisler case, and has taken a tough line against recalcitrant trade unions. Though he did once make some timid and ineffectual attempts to break up some of the bigger trusts, no one will ever regard Tom Clark as either reasonably judicial in civil liberty cases or as of Supreme Court timber. Everyone will now take for granted that there is a clear conservative majority on the Court against which Justices Black, Douglas and Rutledge may vainly bang their heads. This is a tragedy at a time when the Court is more than ever needed to protect individual liberties from the excesses of hysteria. Clark, no doubt, will disqualify himself from the cases—especially the trial of the Communist leaders—which he has already initiated. But his nomination amounts to contempt of the Supreme Court.

* * *

Friends who have seen both the Dutch and Indonesians at The Hague are agreed that the present negotiations are likely to last at least two months and probably, I think, longer. The Indonesians, like other people rightly struggling to be free, are naturally worked up about the question of principle; they have been promised that sovereignty shall be transferred to them and, after a long period of disappointment (they would say of Dutch "trickery") they will only lose their suspicions when the independence of Indonesia is clearly guaranteed. Once they are sure of that I should expect them to be very reasonable about details. They have never denied that they will need technical help and capital from the West and unless the "extremists" again get out of hand they will be anxious to end their quarrel with the Dutch. The Dutch, on the other hand, are extremely cautious business men. They will want to arrange all the details first before they transfer the sovereignty. A friend who tackled one of them on this point met with the stiff, awkward reply that it was only prudent to get the details settled first before sovereignty was transferred. They simply cannot help haggling, especially in a matter that concerns their bread and butter so vitally.

* * *

Somebody in the Vatican circles seems to have misled the *New York Times* (and, incidentally, me) into believing that the Vatican had *finally decided* that the bones found in the sarcophagus under St. Peter's were those of St. Peter himself. The *New York Times* is, of course, on excellent terms with the Vatican, and its story was circumstantial. Five days after this story appeared, the English Catholic paper, the *Universe*, declared that the Vatican had not claimed to have "proof" that the bones were those of St. Peter. It has proceeded with much caution. Since the bones were found seven years ago, specialists have been examining the evidence, which, one would not have thought, in any case, could be conclusive. An announcement one way or the other is still apparently to be made.

CRITIC

CHILDREN'S HOUR

"Yesterday the Cabinet completed plans to meet the crisis, which Sir Stafford and Mr. Bevin will take with them."—*News Chronicle, August 29th.*

Britain's pound sterling sat on the wall,
Britain's pound sterling had a great fall;
All the King's Ministers, all the King's men
Couldn't put the pound back at face value again.

* * *

Little Bo-Cripps
From the sheepfold slips—
When dollars are lost, he must find them;
So Stafford and Ernie
Set out on the journey,
Bringing their crisis behind them.

* * *

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of holes;
Twenty Labour spokesmen seeking bread and doles!
When the talks are opened if Congress grudge a crumb,
Won't it be a dirty deal to hand a dear old chum?

* * *

Little Miss Muffet
Fell off her tuffet
When a spider came after her whey;
But a seat next to Snyder,
The big money spider,
Won't frighten Sir Stafford away.

* * *

"Baa, baa, Wall Street, have you any gold?"
"Yes, sir; yes, sir—for doing as you're told;
Bagfulls for defences, bags for Marshall Aid,
But none for the naughty boys who start bi-lateral trade!"

* * *

"Pussy Cripps, Pussy Cripps, where have you been?"
"I've been to Washington miaouwing at Dean."
"Pussy Cripps, Pussy Cripps, what did you there?"
"I frightened him stiff with a Communist scare."

* * *

"How many miles to Washington?"
"Threescore from Big Ben."
"Will Britain's team get there to-night?"
"YES! *And back again.*"

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

If it hadn't been for the pacifism of Morrison the second World War would not have been fought and millions of dead would be alive now.—Letter in the (Brighton, Sx.) *Evening Argus.* (A. P.)

For the defence it was pleaded that he had worn a uniform he had purchased in order to stand a better chance of buying cigarettes.—*Leicester Mercury.* (P. A. W. Collins.)

The official suggested the Iowa farmer write the British Embassy in Washington regarding protocol for sending underwear to royalty.—*New York Herald Tribune.* (J. G. Hurst.)

When A.—— was stopped by P.-c. Davison after leaving a bookshop, without paying for four books, he told the officer, "I am a writer, I want to go to gaol for experience."

In Court, A—— produced some papers, and said they showed a certain amount of premeditation about the offence he had committed. He said they were part of a script he was preparing for the B.B.C. Sheffield *Star.* (K. S. Ellis.)

When rain has been wanted we have met together and prayed for it. Our prayers have always been answered. The rain has come. For our scientists

to demand rain by firing into the clouds seems to me to be beyond our principles as a Christian nation. These scientists are going too far. They should be stopped.—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (L. G. Milsom.)

THE PIDDINGTON ACT

I READILY agreed when the B.B.C. rang up and asked me to be a "judge" at one of the Piddington shows. I had, and have, no views one way or another about the existence of telepathy; I only know that there are people whose word I respect who declare in its favour. I believed that the B.B.C. was offering a serious opportunity of investigating a fascinating problem.

In the studio it was at once clear that nothing of the sort was being attempted. The programme was treated as pure entertainment. Every second of the time was precisely mapped out; no opportunity was given to test or challenge anything. How far from scientific the conditions were I can, perhaps, best illustrate by saying that my only fellow judge was Major Dautry, who had introduced the Piddingtons at their first show. He was an old friend who had been, he told me, with Mr. Piddington in a Japanese P.O.W. camp. He had also been with the Piddingtons when their performance was televised. It was Major Dautry, and not I, who pointed to the tunes on the blackboard which the blindfolded Lesley Piddington guessed, and in the last item on the programme it was he who was with Piddington when the cards were seen and "transmitted" to Lesley. I emphasise that neither I nor anyone else except Mr. Piddington and Major Dautry had had the opportunity of seeing the cards, and I had no chance of checking whether the ones I took from the pack were actually the ones "transmitted."

Nor was this all. From the very beginning the show was devised as entertainment; the atmosphere was "friendly" and informal to the last degree. It was announced, for instance, that I and some other unnamed members of the audience would go with Mr. Piddington into a sound-proof studio where we would pick out a portrait of a film star, a Rhine card and the name of a tune. The first two choices were announced from the studio to the outside public and correctly identified by Lesley. The third (which, if I remember rightly, was the tune) was picked, but not announced. How could there be any code by which Lesley could guess something which had never been even uttered and which had been picked in a different room? This was a very impressive test to the outside public. It was less impressive to me because I did not pick it myself. It was picked by one of the unnamed members of the audience who came to the studio with me. I ascertained, as we went in to the studio, that at least one, and I think more than one, of these members of the audience had also been in the prison camp with Piddington. One of them told me so.

I have said enough to explain that the whole show was conducted in the very enjoyable atmosphere of the Light Programme, and never for a moment in that of a scientific investigation. I had a lot of fun though I knew I was a stooge. Whether this was true of my fellow judge I do not know, but I do know that if the B.B.C. had been seriously attempting to carry out a controlled experiment, then all "judges" throughout the performances would have been people who had never before met the Piddingtons, and no one would have been allowed to go into the studios with either of them who had ever met them before.

Let me make it clear that I am saying nothing at all against the Piddingtons. They were charming. I did not hear them claim any telepathic powers and I should be surprised to hear them say, except as part of the show, that they do possess such powers. Their own phrase was "We leave it to you to judge." My impression, from talking to them and from watching them at work, was that they claimed telepathic powers in exactly the same way as a magician and a girl who works with him do at a big conjuring show. Thought-reading patter enhances the mystery and greatly adds to the effect. I have no doubt that the Piddingtons' show is of this kind. Expert conjurers who were present on the night that I was a "judge" and others, who have talked to journalists who have been present at these shows, agree that nothing occurred that is difficult for a trained magician to explain or perform. In some cases the public has been told how the tricks may be done, but a full explanation could only be given by an expert who had seen the performance more than once, and could sort out the complicated and clever technique by which a variety of different codes and probably more than one "accomplice" is used to build up a first-class entertainment. Several well-known journalists, including Arthur Helliwell in the *People*, have asserted that such methods are the explanation of the Piddingtons' performance, and they have met with no contradictory statements from the Piddingtons. Why indeed, as Mr. Helliwell asks, should the Piddingtons object? Nobody is criticising them. They give an excellent show that will be greeted with applause throughout the country. It is not their reputation as entertainers, but the B.B.C., as its credulous sponsor, which, in my opinion, is open to criticism.

The B.B.C. was perfectly justified in giving the Piddington programme and nobody would object to their fostering the pretence of telepathy in the usual spirit of a conjuring entertainment. If it had been content, in the words of the *Radio Times* announcement to present the Piddingtons with "their own kind of mystery," all would be well. But the B.B.C. has gone much further than that. Commander Campbell gained a reputation as an entertainer whose job on the Brains Trust was to produce light relief after Joad and Huxley had shot off their big guns. I never took his stories of Patagonia as scientific evidence or seriously set about experimenting with marmalade to see if my head steamed. Therefore, I should not have taken Commander Campbell seriously as a judge in these performances, even if, as I explained, a "judge" had any chance of investigating anything. Nor am I very surprised to see that Mr. Helliwell in the *People* (August 14th) says that Commander Campbell admitted having "peeped," and that he "cheated," when called on the platform to try his hand at mind-reading. I gather that the Commander has not issued any denial of Mr. Helliwell's statement, and he would no doubt defend it as one of his bits of fun. Knowing the Commander I make no complaint of that. What surprised me, however, was that after these uncontradicted statements of Mr. Helliwell's, the B.B.C. should have asked Commander Campbell to write an article in the *Radio Times* in which, in his best solemn spoof-style, he cites past experiments of telepathy and sums up heavily in its favour on the basis of personal experiences on the high seas and elsewhere. Even more surprising, Mr. Piffard, who produces the Piddingtons' performance, wrote, I am sure sincerely, in a signed article on the same page of the *Radio Times*:

> I won't attempt to prove the genuineness of the Piddingtons' telepathy; I will just say it is genuine. Having produced five programmes, knowing every detail and every precaution taken, I can say quite truthfully that there never has been a single instance of fake thought transference by Sidney Piddington or his wife.

Mr. Piffard is entitled to his personal opinion, but the vast public, which takes the B.B.C. seriously, may have assumed that Mr. Piffard, who was presumably responsible for the precautions, was giving, in the B.B.C. official organ, more than his personal hunch.

For myself I have not the slightest objection to acting the fool in a piece of excellent foolery. If it had been understood that the Piddingtons were only entertainers I should have enjoyed coming on to their platform, just as I should enjoy having a conjurer pull ribbons out of my mouth or eggs from behind my ears. But I think its a bit thick to use an outsider as a stooge in an entertainment which the listening public regards as scientific. How wide this misconception was, can be gathered from the *New York Herald Tribune's* account of the show in which I acted my part. Mr. Jack Tait goes so far as to say that I was alone with Mr. Piddington in the studio, when in fact, as I have explained, it contained at least one of Mr. Piddington's friends, and it went on to make the even more fantastic statement that:

> During these broadcasts the Piddingtons have been virtually surrounded by witnesses drawn by the B.B.C. from high-court benches, Scotland Yard and similar wells of integrity. Before each broadcast the Piddingtons are usually searched from the skin out by impartial witnesses.

I should certainly have enjoyed the occasion more if as a "judge" (not of the high court) I had been present when these "precautions" were taken.

Far more important surely is the question of the B.B.C.'s reputation as sponsor. Telepathy is an extremely interesting and controversial subject in which serious inquiries under controlled conditions have been made and are being made. The B.B.C. might have aided these experiments. In my opinion it will be difficult for the B.B.C. again to persuade thoughtful people that it is really "investigating" telepathy or any other subject. Who is going to take its claims seriously? If the B.B.C. is prepared to fool the public for the public's amusement then it puts itself in the same category as the music hall. If this is so, well and good, but I do not think that this is the category in which it wishes to be placed. KINGSLEY MARTIN

THE UNIVERSITIES. SOME NEW BEGINNINGS

OXFORD and Cambridge, from which the English conception of University education has sprung, did three things for those undergraduates with whom they were successful; they broadened their minds and sharpened their sensibilities, giving them taste and culture—there are, unfortunately, no synonyms for these over-used words; they inculcated a sense of community and citizenship, and they equipped them to earn a living. If these Universities had been asked whether they were consciously trying to produce these results, they would probably have answered that, with the possible exception of the first, they were not. The second and the third were achieved, as it were, incidentally.

Of these three results the modern University, which I will call for short, Red-brick, has achieved

—is, indeed, designed only to achieve—the third and, in some small measure, the second. The first is placed beyond its reach partly by reason of the fact that it is not residential and partly because it is unable to free itself from its environment of the work-a-day world in which it is normally set.

More important is the fact that precisely because it is designed to achieve the third result, because, that is to say, it must train men to get their living, it must specialise, and specialisation is the foe of culture. Thus the modern inheritors of the Oxford and Cambridge tradition have tended to take up and develop one strand only, the third, in that complex educational whole which the older Universities brought to perfection. But they might, it is obvious, have picked out and developed another; they might have picked out the first.

I want to suggest that the time has come—and this is in part the answer to the problem posed in Sir Walter Moberly's book *The Crisis in the University*—to develop the first. I propose briefly to describe certain beginnings that have already been made in this direction. My concern is, then, with the prospects *under modern conditions* of the classical humanist tradition, which in the past has been the main strand in our English educational complex.

Foremost is the new University College of Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire, of which Lord Lindsay, who has just retired from the Mastership of Balliol, will be the first Head. The district inherits a long tradition of adult education which goes back to a tutorial class at Longton in the Potteries, one of the first two to be held in this country. The new College has two outstanding characteristics. First, it will hold its own examinations and confer its own degrees. The reason for this derives significantly from the growing disquietude which the extreme departmentalist specialisation of the modern University evokes. To counter this, emphasis will be laid at Stoke upon three courses of study; first, the principles of Western civilisation; secondly, the working of modern democratic institutions and, thirdly, the methods of the natural sciences, with particular emphasis on aspects of physics and chemistry relevant to the study of ceramics.

There are, I have suggested, three legitimate objects of adult education. The first, cultural, and to broaden a man's outlook, to refine his taste to give him a sense of values and a perspective; the second, political and social, to give him some knowledge of the forces that are at work in the modern world, of the meaning of democracy and the nature of its institutions; the third, vocational, to equip him to earn his living. Stoke will have an eye on all three, but it is the first and second—and more particularly the first—which concern us here, since it is these objects of University education that Red-brick has so noticeably failed to achieve. Now, it was because courses conceived on the lines envisaged at Stoke would not fit into the external examination system of London University, that the new University has been empowered to hold its own examinations and give its own degrees. Its academic standards will be maintained by an academic Council on which representatives of the three sponsoring Universities, Oxford, Manchester and Birmingham, will hold a majority.

Secondly, the new College, which will be housed at Keele Hall, will be almost entirely residential. The point, which is important, brings me to Ashridge, since it enables me to suggest the hope that Keele Hall, with its park of a hundred and fifty acres and five little lakes, may match Ashridge in the beauty of its surroundings and the atmosphere, at once sharpening and mellowing—so that one's thoughts in beauty's environment are not only brighter but kinder—that a harmonious and graceful setting diffuses. That it should exceed it is too much to hope, for Ashridge is one of the loveliest of English parks, although the great house—it has the longest front of any in the country—is an odd jumble of architectural styles. Ashridge, as is well known, started life as a College for Citizenship, founded by the late Urban Broughton in memory of Bonar Law. It quickly came to be known as the Conservative College, designed, presumably, to instruct students in the Conservative point of view and to endow them with skill in Conservative propaganda. Since the war it has been remodelled and has now been reopened as a residential College for Citizenship on non-Party lines. It has a new Educational Council, most of whose members were concerned with the various experiments in education in the Forces undertaken during the war, and its courses—I quote from the prospectus—are "framed to give students a knowledge of the nature and workings of the institutions of their own country and the Commonwealth, of the spirit behind them and of current problems which beset them."

The courses range widely, from problems of management in industry to the preservation of rural England and from International Affairs to Problems of Delinquency. The lecturer is free to say what he likes and, when the lecture is over, the students break up into seminars at which the lecture is discussed and agreed questions are formulated to be put on the seminar's behalf to the lecturer at a subsequent session. This is an admirable device for preventing wild and irrelevant questions and ensuring that the topics of the lecture which are subsequently discussed and developed are those which are of interest to the majority of the students. I trust that the present troubles which threaten the serenity of Ashridge will be overlooked. For here are air, light, and space; here are comfortable and well-furnished rooms and meals served in a hall complete with a High Table. The atmosphere is as friendly as the place is dignified. One goes away with the impression that one has passed the week-end at an Oxford or Cambridge College transplanted into the country.

A few miles away is Pendley, Centre of Learning and Leisure, a large and comfortable house—one of a number up and down the country, that have been taken over and dedicated to similar purposes—in lovely surroundings. Here, too, week-end courses are delivered on a variety of topics from the Philosophy of A. N. Whitehead to Rural England. Week-ends are devoted to music, poetry and drama, and students are invited to book for a series of week-ends devoted to the same topic extending at intervals over nine months. Here again are quiet, leisure and amenity.

West of London, in Windsor Great Park, is the newly established St. Catherine's College, whose Principal designate is Sir Walter Moberly, the publication of whose book is the occasion for these comments. Here, for three guineas a week, you can form one of a group of students who are engaged on what to all intents and purposes is an old-fashioned reading party. There is—or, rather, there is to be, for the College is only just getting under way—a staff of resident tutors who will give courses on special subjects. But the main emphasis is to be laid upon discussions in seminar and upon individual study. In the leisured tranquillity of these gracious surroundings students may be able to recapture some part of the dignity and charm that invested the education which Oxford and Cambridge in their great days were privileged to give.

This seems to me pre-eminently the right use for the obsolete country houses of England. Turn them into asylums or offices and you kill their soul. Use them as Universities and something of their fragrance may survive. The difficulty, however, which all the experiments I have mentioned encounter, is money. Who is to pay for the students, since most of them cannot pay for themselves, and whence are the funds of the Colleges to be derived? The fact that they are predominantly non-vocational only enhances the difficulty. At present these Colleges are supported from a variety of sources; there are grants from the Ministry of Education and from County and Borough Councils who give scholarships to enable selected students to attend. Large industrial firms are sometimes prepared to pay for the attendance of their employees for a week devoted to a course, let us say, on problems of management. Some elderly people anxious for company and not averse from a little culture come on their own financial steam. But all these are makeshifts. Not only are the Colleges perpetually harassed by the anxieties attendant upon inadequate funds, but students financed from such haphazard sources are rarely able to attend for more than a week-end or at most a week. They are reft away from these places into the work-a-day world just as they are beginning to get acclimatised to the slower and more gracious atmosphere which Ashridge or Pendley diffuses. And what is given in so short a time is, of course, not education, but its curtain raiser. If these places are to succeed and to become established parts of our educational system, the State must come in and extend to adult education the concern which it shows over our early years. And our conception of what a University is must become less rigid and more elastic; elastic enough to embrace within the concept of a University education the various experiments which are springing up amid the educational confusion and dissatisfaction of our times.

C. E. M. JOAD

GERMANY'S REFUGEES

REFUGEES—the Germans from Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary and other South-east European countries who have been "repatriated" to Germany since the end of the war—constitute one of the big problems of the post-war German scene. By the beginning of 1949, these refugees accounted for some 15 per cent. of the total population of the four Zones, or approximately 10.9 million out of a total of 70 million. The proportion is even larger for the Anglo-American Zones alone, where they form over 1/6th of the population, against 1/7th of the Soviet Zone. Moreover, Western Germany continues to receive refugees from the East at the rate of 1,000 a day.

The numerical size of the problem alone makes it surprising that the past three years have not seen any serious disturbances, especially as the living conditions of the refugees are highly unsatisfactory in some parts of the Bizone. While it would be wrong to describe all the newcomers as "disinherited aliens," the term certainly applies to many of them. A substantial number have been absorbed by industrialised *Laender*, such as North-Rhine-Westphalia and by Wuerttemberg, which has a large number of home industries; but resettlement has hardly begun in rural areas such as Slesvig-Holstein, which were allocated the bulk of the new population. The Allied decision to direct the majority of new arrivals to agricultural districts was taken originally because rela-

tively little housing accommodation had been destroyed by air raids in these areas, and because the countryside lent itself more easily to the setting-up of large camps. It was also felt that if the refugees were spread out thinly, instead of forming compact colonies in the towns, they would be more rapidly assimilated. Whilst these were valid considerations, they have made resettlement a great deal more difficult. Seventy-five per cent. of the refugees have a non-agricultural background. Moreover, local farmers have been reluctant to make full use of the additional manpower. The available labour force would make it possible to institute far more intensive cultivation, but the German farmer, like his counterpart in many other countries, prefers to continue along traditional lines.

The concentration of the majority of refugees in the agricultural *Laender* has resulted in such an unequitable distribution of the burden that the Provinces with the largest increase in population are least able to cope with the problem. Hardest hit are Slesvig-Holstein, an almost entirely agricultural *Land;* Lower-Saxony, also predominantly agricultural; and Bavaria. The populations of these *Laender* have risen by 75 per cent., 42 per cent. and 27 per cent. respectively since the end of the war. No fewer than 1,500,000 refugees are in Slesvig-Holstein, which had a local population of 2,500,000, so that refugees form 37.5 per cent. of the total. The neighbouring Province of Hamburg, on the other hand, has taken hardly any refugees. Whilst Slesvig-Holstein incurred a deficit of 130 million DM in the nine months since last June's currency reform—the figure is expected to rise to 200-250 million DM for the financial year 1949/50—Hamburg has a concealed budgetary surplus of 300 million DM for the current financial year. Whereas by the beginning of 1949 the British Zone had taken 3.5 million refugees, the U.S. Zone 3.1 million and the Soviet occupation area 4.2 million, only 68,000 were absorbed by the French Zone.

The refugees represent a heavy liability as long as they are not integrated into the German economy. But they need not, as so many Germans claim, be a permanent liability. Their age composition is more favourable—*i.e.*, the percentage of people of working age is larger—than that of the indigenous population, since only the hardy survived the track to the West. Many refugee workers could make a valuable contribution to Germany's industrial reconstruction, and, by setting up new industries, play an important part in expanding export trade. But their concentration in rural districts, and the distrustful unwillingness of the local population to aid the refugees to the best of their ability, have so far prevented the refugees from playing as important a role in German rehabilitation as they might have done otherwise. Refugee workers, other than specialists, are given the lowest or most uncongenial jobs, and they are frequently forced to take on occupations for which they have neither training nor aptitude. Thus, not only are their skills wasted, they are also unable in some cases to fill a particular job as well as a local man brought up to it. The result: refugees are the first to be sacked when workers have to be laid off. This has become particularly apparent in the past six months, during which unemployment has been rising steadily. Many employers, perhaps understandably, prefer to retain a local man rather than a refugee, other things being equal. Discrimination is apparent, too, in the field of credit facilities. Quite a number of refugee producers set up small industries before currency reform. When sales began to decline and credit was tightened last autumn, refugees were least able to obtain help from local banks, and many of their enterprises have had to close down. The vast majority of refugees consider that they are worse off to-day than a year ago.

The problems of the refugees are, of course, not entirely economic, but also political and social. But it has already grown clear that, where the economic difficulties have been solved, integration into the local community becomes greatly simplified. Officials as well as social workers are doubtful whether the original policy of spreading the refugees thinly over the country in order, *inter alia*, to prevent them from becoming "pressure groups" was a very wise one. Refugee families, isolated and at the mercy of those on whom they are billeted, are prone to grow hopeless or desperate, and to fall victim easily to any kind of political extremism. On the other hand, it has been found that where groups of refugees, too small to constitute a "ghetto" within the local community, were brought together and enabled to start home industries the results are entirely favourable. Their morale is high, output increases, and they are then accepted by the old population. An outstanding example of this is the Gablonz jewellery industry which has been established around Pforzheim.

Far too little has been done in this direction, however. The German administration and, in particular, those officials in charge of the refugee question, lack the sense of urgency called for by the present situation, and are unwilling to tackle the problem in anything but a piecemeal manner. They try to wash their hands of it by claiming that resettlement of the refugees is the job of the occupation Powers, who, it is held, have complicated the situation by the emphasis on federalism and the channelling of the newcomers into the countryside. The present weak German administration tries also to bring pressure to bear by asserting that if nothing is done for the refugees they will become Communist. However, the background of most of them makes it appear more likely that they would turn to the extreme Right. Talks with refugee leaders leave the impression that many of them are still Nazi-minded and have changed little in their views.

Various plans are now under study for the more equitable distribution of the refugee population. The French occupation area's "fair share," it is held, would be 750,000. Whilst the zonal authorities have agreed to this in principle, the administrations of the *Laender* claim that they cannot finance the transport and housing of the refugees. They have asked the Bizone for 24 million DM to finance the shifting of the first 120,000 to be selected according to trades and cultural background from a list of volunteers. They have undertaken to resettle a further 180,000 if a law equalising the financial burden as between the various *Laender* is passed by a West German Government. At the same time, Slesvig-Holstein has drawn up both a short-term and long-term programme for the resettlement of those refugees who cannot be transferred, as well as to solve the local unemployment problem. Owing to the dismantling of a large part of Kiel Harbour, 75,000 workers have been thrown out of work, and the *Land* now has in all 175,000 unemployed, or over 20 per cent. of the working population, including refugees. The short-term plan provides for the establishment of a textile industry (nearby Bremen being the German cotton import port) and the setting up of paper and woodworking industries to re-establish trade with the Baltic ports. An expenditure of 200 million DM is called for over a period of six months. The long-term programme envisages the construction of roads and bridges over the Elbe, drainage works on the North Sea coastline over a period of five years, the reconstruction of dikes and rehabilitation of the Luebbecke blast furnace works.

These plans, however, cannot come to fruition unless funds are forthcoming from other *Laender* administrations. The only way in which the refugee problem can be tackled effectively would appear to be the equitable distribution of the financial burden amongst all the *Laender* Governments. A small beginning has been made in this direction, with Slesvig-Holstein receiving limited advances from other provinces in anticipation of some such legislation. However, these advances are far too small to solve the present difficulties and it would appear that only overall legislation would meet the case. PETER GALLINER

SO THEY SAY . . .

Noir et Rouge

Daily Mirror, August 24, first edition :—

"BLACK MAQUIS" HUNT IN DEATH FORESTS

Bordeaux, Thursday.—Special espionage squads of the French Military Police are searching the villages and towns around here for members of the "Black Maquis"—a political organisation believed to be responsible for the forest fires and deaths of 230 villagers, soldiers and firemen . . .

Daily Mirror, August 24, later edition :—

"RED MAQUIS" SEARCH IN DEATH FORESTS

Bordeaux, Thursday.—Special espionage squads of the French Military Police are searching the villages and towns around here for members of the "Red Maquis"—a political organisation believed to be responsible for the forest fires and deaths of 230 villagers, soldiers and firemen. . .

Pause For Shunting

Daily Herald, August 10 :—

After travelling around in British Railway trains for 24 days, Mr. Bill Schmidt (transportation editor of an American railway magazine) said : "I found a marvellous passenger-carrying system about which I could never say enough. It is the finest, the fastest, and the promptest in the world . . ."

Sunday Dispatch, August 21 :—

Mr. Schmidt (said) the statements attributed to him . . . were inaccurate in important respects . . . "I just did not say that."

Daily Herald, August 24 :—

Mr. Schmidt has admitted to the *Daily Herald's* Washington correspondent that our report was "substantially correct." He said, too, that he was unused to being interviewed . . .

Loyal Birthday Greetings

Illustrated, August 20 :—

. . . Princess Margaret's idea of entertaining a visiting Scots pastor was to sing him her version of "I'm Just A Girl Who Can't Say No" from *Oklahoma!* until her parents threw up their hands in protest.

Sunday Dispatch, August 21 :—

She can and does put on a remarkable cabaret act . . . Asked to perform she will seat herself at the piano and, vamping her accompaniment, sing hill billy songs in a pleasing voice. . .She can keep it up for an hour with the drawling and nasal twang in true character. She's not up to West End cabaret standards, but on the provincial stage she could easily earn £15 a week.

Let Conscience Be Your Guide

Daily Express, August 17 :—

CATHOLICS CAN MARRY REDS

News Chronicle, August 17 :—

CATHOLICS "MUST NOT MARRY COMMUNISTS"

AUTOLYCUS

SOAP BUBBLES

FRUIT'S getting cheaper, so are vegetables and cigarettes, and atom bombs are getting cheaper too. We learn from the Press that they are down to half their original cost. If this goes on they will soon be down to virtually sales-prices, and it would seem that, financially, the next war is no longer much beyond us. Soon now we can afford to exterminate each other, and after the price-drop of the bombs it merely remains for the bombs themselves to be dropped. *Fiat scientia pereat mundus.* Surely we owe a word of gratitude—so long as they leave us time to say it—to the scientists who are working so indefatigably for progress to be kept progressing. Or perhaps—so long as they leave us time—we should tell them what we really think of them. Not that it matters much; but then it is by no means certain that they *will* go to hell later. Maybe, there is no hell. Or maybe, there is no justice there either.

* * *

Having thought of the most modern and progressive toy for grown-ups, let us look at the most modern and progressive toy for children—soap-bubbles. I mean the new saleable type. Condensed soap-bubbles ready-made in a box. Soap-bubbles, "guaranteed to be particularly durable and colourful." Mass-produced soap-bubbles with a legally protected formula and trade mark.

To think of our own childhood, what duffers we were! Mother would cut snippets of kitchen-soap into a disused teacup and pour hot water over it. We would go to the tobacconist's and spend five Pfennigs for a little white clay pipe. Then we would sit on the window-sill, puffing our cheeks like Bohemian glass-blowers. Sometimes the soap-suds would be too thin. Sometimes the clay pipe would break in our hands. Sometimes we would swallow some soap and have to spit it out again. But once in a while we did make a soap-bubble, saw it grow out of the pipe and float away like a glistening butterfly, away and up to the sky, a tiny, transparent fairy-balloon, a piece of enchanted nothingness, full of grace and beauty, floating on and on and bursting—like a soap-bubble.

Nowadays you can buy your soap-bubbles in a tin. Like condensed milk or treacle. You can buy them from a street vendor who, in the bargain, will give you a "propeller"—a piece of bent wire with an oval loop at one end. And he'll show you how to do it. The man is surrounded by droves of children who stare at him and his works. It costs nothing to stare, but the soap-bubble machine, complete with propeller, costs one D-Mark.

Now he dips the oval wire-loop into the particularly durable and colourful mixture, then puts his mouth to it and blows a bit. Success is instantaneous and infallible, a dozen or two of soap-bubbles shooting up as if a machine-gun had spat them out. By slightly varying the force of his breath and the angle of lips and wire-loop, the man can produce half a dozen particularly durable soap-bubbles, fewer but larger. Alternatively now, on the conveyor-belt of his breath, he produces soap-bubbles big and small, as if this were nothing at all. It is, indeed, nothing at all, since it is no longer an art but a mere technical device. Modern soap-bubbles may well be bigger and better and guaranteed to be more durable and colourful than ever. But since they are mass-produced they have lost their soul, and the children can no longer give them the eager breath of their own souls.

* * *

The middle-aged gentleman mustn't waste any more time watching mass-produced soap-bubbles. He is on his way to the café, he has got to read the papers. They say that atom bombs have got cheaper, down to barely half of what they used to cost. Now that the price of bombs has dropped, there is no reason why the bombs shouldn't drop too. Bigger and better and cheaper atom bombs bursting away until this globe of ours bursts—like a soap-bubble.

ERICH KÄSTNER

LETTERS FROM TWO ISLANDS

Isle of Wight

. . . This may be a world of flux, but the island garden fêtes, to which I am press-ganged at this season, still remain unchanged. Busy vicars in alpaca coats. Massive farmers' wives, so hot that the air quivers all round them. Children running races, children parading in fancy dress, half nuisances, half angels. Big farm lads, bursting out of their best clothes, guffawing round the hoop-la and Aunt Sallies. The press of determined women at the grocery and second-hand clothing stalls. The amplified voices of the announcers, so gigantic that they cannot be understood. Pretty girls delicately perspiring over books of raffle tickets. Grim middle-aged men grimly bowling for that pig. The tea marquee, packed with tight-lipped housewives, who will have their tea out for once or know the reason why, all waiting for the abominable sepia brew, while the temperature jumps to oven height and the wasps multiply. Elderly squiresses, with lilac faces under enormous hats, behaving like minor royalty. Pigmen and shepherds baking in their blue serge, but still wearing stiff grins. Pale oldish men, as responsible and conscientious as Cripps, counting money at a little table. The ladies who opened the proceedings still flushed with oratory. Retired colonels, in check coats, organising everybody. A village idiot or two, and perhaps a pair of mysterious amiable drunks. And, somewhere beyond the blue, a mild and humorous Anglican Deity, a whole universe away from the jealous taskmaster of the Old Testament or the mystical Trinity of the New, smiles His approval, noting that thirty-seven pounds fifteen shillings have been raised for the heating apparatus at Little Pudlington, fifty-three pounds ten have been contributed to the Steeple Repair Fund at Great Buddleworth. And though I attend these familiar revels with ever-increasing reluctance, I would not have them any different. Keep your flux.

To the cinema, *en masse* last night, to see a delightful British film, *Whisky Galore*. We arrived in time to catch the last third of some American film of gangsterdom, full of shooting, shouting, snarling, and actors pretending to be shot in the stomach. After which, *Whisky Galore* was like a great open window. This seems to me just as good in its own way as the much-praised recent Italian films, and the whole gang of us, containing many different ages and types, enjoyed every moment of its gentle high spirits, its adroit mixture of heightened absurdity and documentary realism. How good the Scots are when they begin to laugh at themselves!

It must have been about nine years since I last heard from J. W. Dunne, whose death, I trust, has been reported in your Press. Before the war I was in fairly constant touch with him. He was a short, alert, shy but friendly man, with more than a suggestion of the old regular army officer about him, including a high and rather metallic voice. Not at all one of your fanciful and dreamy cranks. He was methodical and, I suspect, immensely industrious, burrowing away at one specialised subject after another, to help him to prove his Serialism. How much he knew about these subjects I cannot tell, lost as I am in ignorance. He was no writer and had no gift for exposition, doing his thought less than justice. One of my happiest memories in the Theatre is that of Dunne, with a solemn enthusiasm touched with naivete, lecturing on his theory of Time to the cast of *Time and the Conways* on the stage of the Duchess Theatre. I never saw these players give a better performance, for they did not understand what he was talking about, not because they were stupid but because he innocently assumed they had some acquaintance with mathematics and physics; yet they sat there like thinkers modelled by Rodin. Somehow there was all of Dunne in that incongruous talk: his enthusiasm, his wrong-headedness, his right-headedness, his courage and originality and lovable innocence. His *Experiment With Time* and the Serialism he evolved from it seem to have fallen out of fashion. The professional philosophers blew great holes in his theory, which was not difficult to do. (Oddly enough, the scientists, whom he challenged, were much kinder.) The public—and their playwrights—turned to other topics. There seemed no place for him in this post-war world. But is that the last word? In my opinion, certainly not. I believe we shall hear of Dunne again. But it is not a question of accepting his Serialism *en bloc*, for even I, who went further with him than most, never did that. The real question, as I see it, is this—is what we can call the Dunne effect in dreams true or false? Not only on his evidence but also on my own experience, I believe it to be true. Some dreams offer us fragmentary glimpses of future as well as of past experience. And if this is so, then the conventional notion of time is rubbish, and so are many of the conclusions of those professional philosophers who trapped Dunne so gleefully. We are in fact living in a very queer sort of universe, far more complicated in its space-time and consciousness arrangements than we have been led to suppose. And Dunne had a brave shot at explaining what these arrangements might be. I for one never believed in his regress of times and observers, and told him so; and just before the war he modified his original statements. One day, I feel, some bold young philosopher will come across *An Experiment With Time*, and, using some of Dunne's thought as a foundation, will begin building again, just as later and more successful aeronautical engineers used his early experiments in their field. Unlike Dunne, I neither believe in nor desire a strictly personal immortality; but I share his contempt for and loathing of the notion that life is a mere accident and this world no better than a huge condemned cell, a notion that is responsible for much of the havoc and evil of our time; and in his first and best book, which on any count must be considered one of the most original works of this century, he slashed away at a lot of mucky dark undergrowth, gave us a glimpse of a new path or two, and set us thinking and wondering and hoping. And whether he is now a four-dimensional Observer Two moving in a fifth-dimensional Time Two or is so much sleeping clay, we have not yet heard the last of J. W. Dunne.

No, I have not been able to visit any of our Festivals. Edinburgh is rather too remote and pretentious for my taste; but it would have been pleasant to have had a few days at Malvern again. The theatre there, I believe, has recently been improved. Before the war it was much too stuffy; and after long days up on the surrounding hills I used to descend into Malvern, itself a rather stuffy town, and then sleep through centuries of English drama, from *Gammer Gurton's*

Needle to the newest Shaw. (It was the same at the old Queen's Hall, where any slow movement would almost chloroform me. So much for my culture—and my insomnia!) But it was always a pleasant little festival, and, judging from this year's Programme, which I send you, it has not lost its character. Note Bridie's tribute to the late H. K. Ayliff, which I was delighted to see, for Ayliff was long one of our best producers and a man it was impossible not to respect and to like. He had the reputation of not being easy to get along with, but I (who also—God knows why—have the same reputation) found him as easy as pie. He was immensely tall and thin, apparently made of old dried leather, showed no obvious signs of humour but was a genius at inventing comic business. Note also the remarks by the young actor-playwright, Denis Cannan, whose first produced play *Max* is being performed at the Festival. For example: "The playwright is above all a person who gives actors and actresses something to say and do. He is a man of the Theatre, not a man of letters. His work is hammered into shape in grubby places at uncivilised hours by men—and men who have just had breakfast or are late for lunch. He has surprisingly little in common with novelists and poets. . . ." I have not seen this young man's play, but I declare here and now that we shall hear more of him.

Note also Shaw's article about his new play, and—now I am back in the old egoistical swamp—more especially his reference to a little broadcast of mine: "Yet there are moments of inexplicable happiness of which Mr. J. B. Priestley spoke in a recent broadcast as part of his experience. To me they come only in dreams, not oftener than once every fifteen years or so. I do not know how common they are; for I never heard anyone but Mr. Priestley mention them. . . ." Now this little broadcast talk, which I had forgotten until I saw it mentioned here, was one of several tiny essays I recorded for the B.B.C. about two years ago, to be used in any programme at any odd time. I did them, and forgot about them. I do not even know if they were all used or not. They were crumbs cast upon the waters. And now here is the Ancient Master himself referring to one of them, and examining his own experience in its glow-worm light. Well, it just goes for to show, don't it?

Will you agree with me in this conclusion—that it is necessary for a healthy and useful mind to believe that life in this world, as Chehov characters are fond of saying, may soon be wonderful and beautiful, and that life in this world is in fact a monstrous tragic farce, an ignoble tragedy, a hollow fraud? Minds that believe one of these without the other go wrong somewhere, producing embittered idealists, fanatics, cynics, pessimists, scoundrels. Of course these notions contradict each other: sound logic is kept at a distance. Nevertheless, I believe them to be not exclusive but complementary, and that nearly every man who is doing some good work in the world holds fast to both these ideas, although at any given time he may be far more influenced by one than by the other. Women too? I wonder.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

(From "The New Statesman" of September, 1924.)

We shall never produce an English Pavlova, nor an English Ballet in quality comparable with the Diaghileff Russian Ballet until we become as a nation a little less soft in the head. The ordinary English audience cannot make the most elementary distinctions, and the large crowds that applaud Pavlova are applauding a fascinating woman, not a great dancer.

The Arts and Entertainment

THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL—I

A MASKED ball and a cocktail party, with Verdi and Mr. Eliot, respectively, as our hosts: these have been the outstanding diversions of the first week at Edinburgh. They were not so dissimilar as you might suppose: one culminated in murder, the other in martyrdom, and both contrived to introduce a good deal of light relief along the tragic path.

The Cocktail Party, unlike Mr. Eliot's two earlier plays, is on the surface a specimen of contemporary dramatic style, as it is understood in Shaftesbury Avenue. The curtain rises on the usual stylish flat, with a white telephone, a Marie Laurencin, and a group of rather exasperated people determined to make the party go. The host, we begin to perceive, is also anxious to make the party go—in another sense; but when at last they depart, he persuades one of them to stay, a stranger to whom he can blurt out the embarrassing truth which he has tried to conceal from the rest: his wife has left him, and the guests we have seen are merely those who couldn't be reached and put off. A first-rate situation, and what follows is better still. The hitherto obscure and taciturn guest comes to life with a bang, takes command of the situation, and pours out a stream of sardonic and paradoxical home-truths to the egotistical husband; finally, like Mr. Bridie's lady, he bursts into song. The spirit of early Shaw hovers deliciously in the air; the wit sparkles and we begin to feel pleasantly sure that everything will be turned inside out and upside down in the second act.

So it is. The obscure guest is revealed as the eminent Sir Henry Harcourt-Riley, of Harley Street; the two most tiresome of the guests turn out to be his assistants, almost his spies. The party-givers (the husband who is incapable of loving, and the wife who can never inspire love) are shown the truth about themselves, and persuaded to make the best of it. Making the best of it, says Sir Henry (and here for the first time we detect the accents of the lay preacher), making the best of a bad job is what we all have to do—all except the very few who are potential saints. One of these also comes to his consulting room: a girl who has just seen the bottom fall out of her ideal of romantic love. It is she who chooses the *via crucis* which leads from Sir Henry's mysterious "sanatorium" to literal crucifixion, accompanied by revolting details, at the hands of fanatical natives. When the news reaches another cocktail party, two years after the first, everyone shudders, except Sir Henry, who smiles his inscrutable smile. It was an issue which he had more or less foreseen.

No less incrutable must be the author's smile. He has written a dazzling light comedy which is also a tract for the times; and the audience, who lap up the surface cream, don't know what to make of the depths, while suspecting that they must be more interesting than milk. Will the author help them? Only, a very, very little. When Sir Henry, accustomed to pronounce a priest-like benediction on his departing patients, remarks, "I do not understand what I myself am saying," a slight ripple of mirth went round the audience. Pressed by one of the characters for an explanation of his philosophy, he quotes Shelley:

> Ere Babylon was dust,
> The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,
> Met his own image walking in the garden,
> That apparition, sole of men, he saw.

In short, know yourself; choose; come to terms with your insignificance, or—if you happen to be one of the saintly few—face the full consequences of your choice.

If the moral, as I attempt to put it, sounds rather thin and milky, it is doubtless my fault—one which deeper acquaintance with this fascinating play might mend. But there is something about it which chills me: perhaps the lack of delight in the rich variety of human nature. Mr. Eliot's characters are admirably amusing puppets, he manipulates them as cunningly as the magician in *Petrouchka*, but, like the host at his own party, he seems incapable of love: of warmth towards the particular, as opposed to a diffused benevolence. The muddy adorable substance of life as it is lived seems curiously far from this fragile community, and I find something faintly repellent in the quiet smiles and antiseptic wisdom of Sir Henry and his two pals. Considered as moral teachers and "guardians" (a key-word of the play), they suggest a group of infinitely superior Buchmanite leaders, out of the Upper Sixth instead of the usual Lower Fourth; but considered simply and solely as theatrical figures they are superb, just as the whole play is a superbly contrived conversation piece—lively, often cynical, sometimes profound. The verse is perceptible only as a gentle rhythmic pulse, and the language is almost that of life except for the substitution of "was not" for "wasn't," etc., which gives a pleasant stiffening to the dialogue. The play is capitally produced by E. Martin Browne, and finely acted by Robert Flemyng, Irene Worth, Ursula Jeans, Donald Houston, Cathleen Nesbitt and Alec Guinness. Mr. Guinness lends an extraordinary sort of comic authority to Sir Henry: with his long quizzical face, his long straight nose, his great searching eyes, his sardonic humour and his impressive delivery, he conveys (am I wrong who never saw the Great Man?) something of the magnetism of another Sir Henry.

Ambiguity, urbanity, symbolism mystification—all these were as antipathetic to Verdi as they are congenial to Mr. Eliot: never, had he lived to be a hundred, could the beloved Italian peasant have learned to wear the bottoms of his trousers rolled. There is no obscurity about *Un Ballo in Maschera* beyond the superficial obscurities of a weak librettist and a meddlesome censor; the music goes straight to the heart of each successive situation, and despatches it in ten minutes or so with that direct, burning conviction which is Verdi's greatest quality. Certainly *Ballo* is no flawless masterpiece; but it has a power, a verve and a variegated brilliance which have kept it before the public in most of the great opera-houses of the world for nearly a century. Naive as an Elizabethan, Verdi saw tragedy as a series of strong, stunning, spectacular situations, and this romantic plot of sorcery and conspiracy, illicit love and assassination provided him with exactly what he needed at that stage of his career. To treat the opera patronisingly, as though it were an obscure piece dug up by Glyndebourne, sheds less light on Verdi than on the state of English operatic culture. English criticism has not yet outgrown the habit of seeing Verdi as an inky schoolboy who finally (by dint of staying on term after term) became a prefect and won the good conduct prize with *Otello* and *Falstaff*. The fallacy in this attitude is that neither *Otello* nor *Falstaff* contains the whole of Verdi's genius. When *Falstaff* appeared, Bernard Shaw shocked everyone by pointing out that, the flood of passionate melody which streams through *Trovatore* and *Traviata* having dried up by the composer's eighth decade, it was only natural that he should have adopted a new style which could get along without it; the teasing remark concealed a profound truth, namely, that nothing on earth, not even the subtlest refinements of his last period, can extinguish or supernannuate such blazing inspirations (to quote from *Ballo* alone) as Riccardo's "La rivedrà," Amelia's "Consentimi, o Signore," Oscar's "Di che fulgor," Renato's "Eri tu," the love duet and the final scene. All these (and I have left out the quintet and all but one of the famous arias) are great music in their own right, and not as pointers to something else.

Performance and production approached the

highest Glyndebourne standards. In careless hands this opera tends to fall apart, but Carl Ebert held it together with a deep understanding of Verdi's style: his treatment of the last scene was masterly. The sets and Caroline costumes were by Caspar Neher; though they occasionally sacrificed suitability for the sake of picturesqueness, they pleased and stimulated the eye to a degree that is rare on the English operatic stage. Vittorio Gui, drew from the R.P.O. much of the true Verdian impulse and sonority. Of the two Riccardos I saw only Mirto Picchi, who looked more like a gentleman than any Italian tenor I can remember off-hand, caught admirably the mingled frivolity and sincerity of the character, and sang in fine style, though with a tone-quality which lacked ring and clarity until the last act. Silveri's Renato was one of the best things I have heard him do: his voice seemed tireless, but there were places where I wished that he would draw a firmer and a finer line. Alda Noni was an amusing Oscar, but lacked the vocal brilliance necessary to dominate the house in the many big moments of the part; and there were a couple of serviceable witches in Jean Watson and Amalia Pini. The heroine's part was shared between Ljuba Welitsch and Margherita Grandi, two splendid sopranos who differed as chalk from cheese. Madame Welitsch gave unquestionably the more finished performance, never putting a foot wrong, phrasing with the utmost distinction, and forging ahead with that splendid, cold unswerving line which is her speciality. If there is a touch of the Red Queen in her brisk efficiency and decision, there is certainly a good deal of the White Queen about Madame Grandi, with her untidy entries, her tendency to sag below pitch and her vague stage deportment. Nevertheless, when her big moments come, they are immense, thrilling, in the noblest Italian tradition. What I long for is an Amalgamated Amelia combining the best of both exponents!

Of the other Glyndebourne production, *Così fan tutte*, and of some of the innumerable concerts I hope to write next week.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

MONSIEUR K's CHOICE, 1949

IT is not easy, now, to think of Braque, Picasso or Juan Gris as unknown, hard up and very young. Since the first decade of the present century their names have circulated, like an increasingly valid currency; until each could be called "world-famous." Yet Daniel Henry Kahnweiler, who first gave material support to all three—who was, indeed, the first dealer to support any of them—is still there, in Paris, and is still a dealer. In view of the vast chaos of present-day painting it is natural to inquire into the present tastes and leanings of one whose perception in 1905 was so much in advance of the majority's.

It is in the little courtyard at 29bis rue d'Astorg, that one finds *Galerie Louise Leiris*, where Kahnweiler's choice of modern paintings may always be seen. Beaudin, Kermadec, Masson, Suzanne Roger, were the younger members of a small select company which also included Picasso, Braque, Gris and Leger, when last I was there. Now, Kermadec, with Beaudin the most interesting of the younger ones, has at present a few things on show in London. At an interesting mixed summer show at the St. George's Gallery, 81, Grosvenor Street, and at the Mayor Gallery in Brook Street, his strange watercolours and a watercolour-like oil may be seen.

It is the Kermadec oil at the St. George's, number 33 in the catalogue, that I cannot forget. This *femme accoudé* is evoked out of the soft whiteness of the canvas by some haphazard, loosely trailing, string- or ribbon-like lines of various soft colours. The slightest wobble of an uncertain thinnish brush dictates direction: the most perverse proportions of form, the most sudden awkwardnesses in delineation, seem to have triumphed at each second during the process of painting. The picture strikes one as a history of unlikely accidents. At first it teases and irritates; you do not forget it. It is not until afterwards that the memory of it is slowly transformed in your mind. From being the cause and centre of disappointment, shock and puzzlement, that awkward complex of feeble, unlikely lines and, behind the lines, washes (edged off into crescents, lob-sided discs or triangular patches) becomes the object of a growing retrospective excitement and curiosity. Slowly one realises that it is those very features which previously hurt and offended most which now begin most to fascinate and—yes—to please one! The Kermadec madness resolves itself suddenly in your mind into order—a strange, new order: coherence insinuates itself among those jangling zigzags which themselves, but a short while before, had seemed to epitomize meaninglessness.

It is not that one suddenly *understands*: "understanding" is beside the point when it is a new, unfamiliar but clearly creative design that is assailing one's senses. For "understanding" itself consists of the order we have made out of whatever we have, up to now, assimilated, absorbed. Our "understanding" is the very thing a new work disturbs; it is precisely our awareness of related values that must stretch and strain itself into a new pattern, into a configuration of values which comprehends, includes the new experience.

The subjects of Kermadec's paintings are the ancient traditional subjects of all the best painting in the West: familiar forms apprehended in terms of that spatial volume in which they have their being. Mr. Eliot's remark that only the really new can be really traditional applies here. Art is the continual restatement of the obvious in the only possible terms available—and these terms are essentially new and, in themselves, unexplored. For Kermadec, solidity is apprehended as a series of floating linear loops. A wiry, or, rather, a stringy line doubling back and forth, at times rounded and ample, at times electrically zigzagging, encloses almost colourless segments of the background; and these, upon contemplation materialize for us, as it were, into the solid forms of ". . . a subject."

PATRICK HERON.

THE MOVIES

"Film Ohne Titel," at the Curzon
"Chicago Deadline," at the Carlton

Too Much Talk About It would seem the unimpeachable title for this film that prides itself on having none. A film about making a film: cinema and life: what is and what appears, and what works. But if the intention has been Pirandellesque, the climate is hardily Teutonic. The Famous Actor, and his director and script-writer, sit round their (so to speak) caravan fire, and cloyingly tease the anecdote of a middle-aged antique-dealer and his pretty young village wife who have just waved them good-bye to go down the valley. How did they come to marry? Well, it was like this; during the Blitz . . . Here the three round the fire have their screen-subject, and treat us to it, providing their own endings, then letting Life irreproachably step in.

But the whole decision to make light, to aerate and dance on tight-ropes, remains a decision without real liveliness or quibble. While *Film Ohne Titel* may be in its way playful, that playfulness only serves (one can't help feeling) to patch up the depressed Romantic. The jokes about ruin come tactfully but rather flat, and the hero who has been anti-Nazi from the start looks and is middle-aged; there are parodies of the old Ufa night-club style; the new greed for country life and fare expresses itself in a peasant girl (Hildegard Knef), who is charmingly neither Brunnhilde nor the usual pederast's elf. But do greying art dealers in the Western Zone really mate with peasant girls and find how satisfying it is to make kitchen chairs? And if not, what becomes of this film's jugglery with "real life"? Aren't its makers—those whose names appear in the titles list—understandably enough, in rather a hole about putting their emotions on celluloid? They succeed in being discreet, amiable, and up to a point entertaining; and so have managed, I suppose, reasonably well. Possibly, if I had more German, it might all have *looked* a little better. A little, but not very much; because *Film Ohne Titel*, like innumerable worse pieces, suffers from the endemic malady of talkies.

Chicago Deadline, a slick thriller about a handsome journalist who goes sleuthing round a dead girl, is itself far too talkative and sentimental, though of its kind not unentertaining—with Alan Ladd, your pet jaguar, reporting.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Search your Heart," at the Torch Theatre

This, on the face of it, is a chronicle of some ups and downs in the life of a "Secondary Modern" school. It rambles through three years, presenting us on the way with a new-fashioned headmaster, who doesn't believe in classes or discipline, also some contrastingly dilapidated "Staff," a tetchy Education Officer, a pupil-teacher, a young farmer in love with her, an attractive secretary, and a sentimental housekeeper. These are all shuffled about quite amusingly, and the State school atmosphere is evidently authentic. The author, as his title suggests, is interested in his human beings, their emotions, weaknesses, relationships, and here two of them at least are compelled to "search their hearts." Gradually we discover that the forward-working, capable headmaster, whose shock tactics bring fame to his school, is at core a shrinking child, unweaned, afraid of life. He falls in love with his attractive secretary, herself unhappily married, but cannot find in himself the strength to force things to a crisis; he would like just to keep her there for ever as companion-secretary, abetting all his boyish enthusiasms for carols, slides, and tree-planting. The long-delayed working-out of this trouble makes the climax of the play, and gives it a not quite expected touch of quality. It is done with a sort of clumsy sensitiveness, and was received by the audience with that audible silence, which often means more than laughter or applause.

Correspondence

THE AMETHYST

SIR,—Now that the wild huzzas at the escape of the *Amethyst* from the Yangtse are over, it is high time that we took a more realistic view of what has occurred. It was a thrilling demonstration of the kind of exploit dear to the schoolboy in all of us, and for which the Navy is justly famous, but surely, in its setting, an appalling blunder and wrong from every point of view.

The ramming of junks leaves a nasty taste in the mouth, as this must obviously have been foreseen in a 140-mile dash at full speed down the river on a moonless night, and the deaths of a considerable number of Chinese in the flood waters must have appeared as extremely likely. But, humanitarian scruples aside, there seems to have been the wildest disregard for consequences. It is hard to believe, for example, that the Foreign Office employs such an irresponsible official as the "Foreign Office source" quoted by an Associated Press report of August 1st. Regarding the obvious possibility of reprisals against British subjects and British investments in China, he is supposed to have said: "Those are things you don't think about under these circumstances. What has been done had to be done. There could be no thought of consequences". Not only is the possibility of future relationships with the Communist regime (already precarious enough in all conscience) gravely endangered, but it may well turn out that with one spectacular fling we have gambled away all hope of possible trade with, say, a quarter of the human race. The present situation in the Far East calls for statesmanship of the highest order. The future is still malleable. Yet we first make what seems to many the initial mistake of allowing the sloop to be in the Yangtse at all at a time when it was known that the Communists were preparing to cross, then permit the Navy to take the situation out of the hands

of the diplomatists and behave in very deed like a bull in a china shop.

This having been done, the general reaction on the part of the public, certainly of the authorities in Hong Kong, is to treat the whole thing as a glorified football match in which we have obtained the winning goal. It cannot be sufficiently stressed that the Communists do not regard it in this way, nor indeed would any Oriental. There may be a tradition corresponding to our congratulating the winner and calling it a day in dealing with each other, but not in dealing with foreign Powers. I write as one who faces the possibility of being "liberated" within the next few weeks or months. I shall then join the number of those in commercial and missionary circles who are making a grim but, we believe, realistic attempt to continue our business. You will sympathise with those of us for whom this cup-tie attitude seems a little out of place. There are times in peace, as well as in war, when the Game has to be laid aside for something more serious. MISSIONARY

Kwangtung, China.

SILENCED SERVICE

SIR,—You write that the Administrative Grade are almost the only people who really advise the Ministers. But, apart from research establishments and advisory services for the public, there are vital technical services for the Departments themselves which are headed by technicians: an obvious example is the Director-General of Works at the Ministry of Works. Secondly, the performance of most of the main Governmental functions now requires technical advice at a high level and it is common for a chief technical adviser to report directly to the top of the hierarchy.

At the same time it is wrong to include the whole of the Administrative Grade in the group of people who are responsible for the truly important advice going to the Ministers. "The Higher Civil Service" correctly means Assistant Secretaries and above.

The problem is complicated by the fact that it is not only in the giving of advice to Ministers that impartiality must be preserved: policy emerges at all levels of administration and execution. One of the faults of the Masterman Report is that it assumes that impartiality can be achieved by general regulations which will in fact merely prevent open political activity —a very different thing. One of the faults of your article was that (I hope I am being fair) it seemed to accept the Report's thesis that a ban on political activity is effective, while arguing that very few Civil Servants need to be impartial. If that argument were true, the article selected the wrong few. But it is not true.

The point is that (a) in the performance of their duties all Civil Servants must be impartial, but we have no evidence that the present system does not, and banning political activity will not, secure this; and (b) a heterogeneous few at the top and a heterogeneous collection elsewhere in the Service are (because they are personally known, particularly influential or personally in contact with a section of the public) in a special position and should be dealt with specially.

It is true that the crux of the matter is the position of the few at the top. That raises the very thorny problem of administrators and politics. All that I would say about that here is that (a) administrators must be unbiased in their service, (b) they should be interested in politics and they will inevitably have views on particular political matters, but (c) if these views and interest emerge from a partisan political philosophy it is inevitable that the impartiality of their work will be limited. Whether this is so is an important question. It cannot, of course, be answered and the problem cannot be dealt with by anything in the Masterman Report. B. S.

CAPTAIN VENETSANOPOULOS

SIR,—According to my information, which I have no reason to doubt, the Decree of Dismissal from the Greek Gendarmerie was communicated to Captain Thomas Venetsanopoulos, on his island of exile, on a date between the 1st and the 15th October, 1947. By this decree, he was discharged for deserting the ranks of his service during the occupation and going over, with the force under his command, to ELAS; and, in the second place, for certain acts which he was alleged to have committed during his subsequent service with ELAS and the National Civil Guard (Gendarmerie of liberated Greece). He decided to appeal against discharge and, for this appeal, I was asked to obtain a certified copy of the broadcast of 8th August, 1943, commending him for his patriotic action in joining the Resistance. As it was a Greek Government broadcast, this proved impossible.

Now it seems to me, to say the least, strange that, as this decree has been in existence since October 1947, Mr. Pallis was not able to cite it in his letter published in your paper on 15th January, 1949 or in answer to my reply published on 22nd January, but only seven months later when the Athens Government had already twice experienced the blast of public indignation over this case.

Mr. Pallis says that "No one could seriously believe that a person could be punished for an action commended at the time by his legal government." I would challenge him to deny that the Captain was arrested and brought before a court-martial in May, 1945, on this very charge of desertion. In that case he was acquitted; but I see no reason to suppose that a regime which did not scruple to institute such proceedings in 1945 would have had any scruples about instituting secret Gendarmerie Board proceedings on the same charge in 1947.

Finally, if the whole case against the Captain at that time had not been based on the fact of his having gone over to ELAS, there would have been little or no point in my being asked to obtain a certified copy of the broadcast for use at the appeal.

MARION PASCOE.

ELECTED SILENCE

SIR,—Mr. Van Eyck has not helped me understand Mr. Pritchett, but he has made me fear that I put my inquiry too vaguely. May I restate it?

Does Mr. Pritchett, as a Protestant, believe in

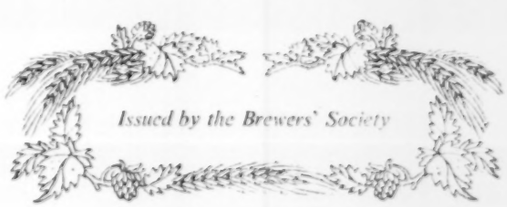
Your Safeguard

We of "the trade" have a special duty to the public. We have to ensure that what we sell shall be absolutely pure and of the highest possible quality.

The brewer-owner no less than the tenant has this duty since licensing justices, the police and large sections of the community have come to regard him as being ultimately responsible for the service given on licensed premises.

It follows that the quality of beers, wines and spirits must be a matter of fairly strict agreement between owner and tenant. Such agreements in fact are common in "the trade": they are freely entered into by both parties and are open to inspection by the licensing justices.

Failing any arrangement of this kind, the owner would be defaulting on his share of responsibility. But an agreement in precise terms between tenant and owner is your safeguard against being served with inferior liquor.



the existence of God, the truth of the Bible and the reality of prayer? If not, there is no more to be said; we speak different languages. But if he does, we have common ground. The Bible consists almost entirely of the record of vocations; of the lives, that is to say, of men and women who were called personally by God for special services—not those who *felt* called, but who were so in fact. On the evidence of *Elected Silence* I consider the author such a person. Mr. Pritchett does not. What I cannot understand from his article is this: does he doubt "Merton's" vocation on the grounds that all Popish vocations are necessarily spurious? Or does he believe that God calls many men to the cloister, but not "Merton?" "Merton" is American; "Merton" had toothache; "Merton's" mother died alone; "Merton" had various unhappy experiences in his adolescence—*therefore* his vocation must be spurious. Is that really the argument?

EVELYN WAUGH

SIR,—The Church to which Mr. Waugh belongs recognises as genuine conversions only those which lead to Roman Catholicism—all others are spurious. Pascal passed through an acute mental struggle ending in a feeling of deep relief (*Joie! Joie! Pleurs de joie!*) which, to the psychologist, bears all the marks of religious conversion; but unfortunately he was converted to Jansenism, and that of course would never do. Besides, his masterpiece is still on the Index of forbidden books. So again, in our own country, men like Bunyan, Fox, Baxter, Wesley seem to us to have gone through the experience of conversion; but their case is emphatically ruled out because they were Protestants—mere "blinkard heathen stumbling for scant light."

To come to more recent times, John Henry Newman was "converted" to Romanism; his brother, Francis, a man of equal learning and integrity, was, after prolonged study, converted to Deism. The first conversion was (to a Romanist) obviously sound; the other not.

George Tyrrell, the most gifted Catholic writer (in the opinion of Baron von Hügel) since Newman's day, was converted to Rome as a young man but discovered, some 25 years later, that he had landed himself in the very home of obscurantism. "Rome," he wrote to a friend, "can put out any number of candles, but she cannot put out the sun, nor even pull down the blinds to any effectual extent." He was refused Christian burial.

On the other hand, in the case under discussion, one must agree with Mr. Waugh that we have here a perfect and very edifying instance of real conversion—a spiritual crisis which has turned an emotional young American globe-trotter into a talkative trappist.

Bournemouth. HAROLD BINNS

CULTURED PLAYGROUND

SIR,—One or two popular misconceptions seem to have crept into Critic's Swiss Diary. For instance, it is a little out-of-date and misleading to refer to Switzerland as the playground of Europe. Certainly there are plenty of tourists about, but so there are in most countries, owing to the 20th-century mania for foreign travel at any price—a mania so acute and widespread that thousands of foreigners yearly brave the rigours of post-war Britain, while the itching feet of our fellow-countrymen have recently led to certain incursions into what must surely be the most depressing "playground" of them all—the Soviet Zone of shattered Berlin. No, it is time we had a new device for Switzerland, one reflecting the fact that the Swiss to-day probably work harder than anyone in Europe; but perhaps Critic did not notice this. Furthermore, the popular belief that the Swiss have never distinguished themselves in the world of the spirit will not bear examination. The miracle is rather that what is basically a small race of self-governing peasants, with no common language, no access to the sea or natural resources beyond the only recently harnessed waters of the Alps, should have produced so much. With no reference books handy, I beg to submit the following haphazard and quite inadequate list: Konrad Witz, Gottfried Keller, C.-F. Ramuz, Holbein, Burckhardt, Pestalozzi, Grock (yes!), Paracelsus, Fuseli or rather Füssli, Böcklin, Rousseau, Honegger, Lavater, Gotthelf, Paul Klee (half-Swiss), Gessner, C.-F. Meyer, Benjamin Constant and a long and distinguished line of theologians from Zwingli to Karl Barth.

Lugano. J. M. ELLIS

DR. MAURICE NEWFIELD

SIR,—In your issue of 20th August, Critic wrote of the intensity of Maurice Newfield's "interest in the world around him—politics, science, possible methods of birth control in the Far East, and Assiac's chess column." May one of his oldest friends amplify this tribute?

He was indeed a remarkable and brilliant person. That intensity of interest was his outstanding trait; but it was combined also with an extraordinary *breadth* of range. This went far beyond the fields instanced by Critic; in fact as far as our world itself. He was one of those to whom nothing human was indifferent. Philosophy, psychology, literature and the arts, the drama of past human history and, in particular, every attempt to foresee, to imagine, or to shape, its future, were all of the same passionate and penetrating interest to him. And with this breadth went a disciplined integration of thought which made his approach to *every* theme philosophic in the most valuable sense of the term.

At the age of 19, when I first met him, he was championing Nietzschean ideas with a force and eloquence which have remained vividly in my mind to this day. In 1919, after the gap of several years' war service in India, he was studying and discussing the ideas of Bergson as eagerly as those of Freud, Adler and Jung. At the same time he was in closest touch with most of the new adventures and experiments of those days in painting and the other arts, in writing and on the stage. In the years since then his mind has always sought out every growing point of thought and creative activity in each main field of human concern. But he always brought to bear on each new departure a broad, balanced outlook which, whilst quick to welcome whatever was novel and promising, or to give up what was shown untenable, knew how to hold on to every solid achievement.

With these pre-eminent intellectual traits Newfield combined the most complete honesty and sincerity of thought. In his endless discussions his object was never the mere dialectical defence of some doctrine which he was not really willing to doubt. Whatever his previous belief, he was always prepared to throw his mind open to the case for the other side and to strive to examine objectively where the final balance of probability and reason lay. He had indeed his own Socialist and latterly more and more religious—in fact Christian—philosophy; but only because that was where his essential humanism and the very need of his mind to be always more comprehensive and universal seemed to him so inevitably to lead. I disagreed profoundly with the later turn of his thought, but to the end he was ready to listen to everything, to discuss everything, and to give an absolutely honest answer, even if it was merely that here reason had reached its limit, and (for either side) nothing but feeling and an act of ultimate *choice* was left.

Maurice Newfield started life with quite exceptional endowments of intelligence, energy and vision; and to make these gifts the more effective he had a capacity for simple, elegant and yet forceful statement which lent distinction to everything he wrote. It seemed to many of us that the greatest things might be expected of him. If nevertheless he has left no body of work commensurate with his powers, the main reason lay without any doubt in his life-long losing struggle against the disease which at length consumed him utterly at 55. But it may also be true that he was continually deflected from any major enterprise of his own by just that vehement, all-out energy of his, which went into every single thing he did: into his unending editorial labours, his friendships and social and personal life, his unceasing discussions and immense and universal reading. His influence is not, however, to be measured by the lack of any tangible monument linked with his name. From his earliest days his wide circle of friends included unusually many who have since achieved distinction in various fields. I think few of those would hesitate to pay tribute first to the stimulus and excitement which flowed from every talk with him (so quick to grasp and appreciate, so ready to pick up the torch and carry it further, so widely and discerningly informed); and secondly to the enduring value to them of his acutely critical, but always integrative judgment.

NATHAN ISAACS

SOVIET ECONOMY

SIR,—May I comment on two points raised in Mr. Werth's review of my book "Man and Plan in Soviet Economy"?

It was completed in the early summer of 1947—before the spate of what Mr. Werth justifiably calls "Hell-on-Earth literature on Russia" had been resumed, and in any case before the hoary old lies about slave labour in the U.S.S.R. had been dug up again. When the proofs came from the printer nearly a year later, all I could do was to put in a lengthy footnote (pp. 294-6), exposing the "statistics" on which the anti-Soviet propagandists then relied. I could not make the full analysis which I should have put in to-day. On the other hand, I did not suggest that forced labour "did not exist at all," and I did give, very briefly, my views on it. These were (i) "Soviet penal policy is based on the principle o corrective labour," (ii) "tens of thousands of people have been reclaimed for society in this way," (iii) "the system has no practical bearing on Soviet economic planning, which depends entirely upon the informed initiative of free labour." To these views I hold.

As for the expropriation in 1930-34 of the small village capitalists—the poor and middle peasantry expressively called them not only "Kulaki" (fists), but also "pauki" (spiders), "miroyedy" (community-eaters) and "stervyatniki" (vultures)—I certainly see no more cause to shed tears over this "collective ruthlessness," the answer to over a century of their individual ruthlessness in robbing their fellow-villagers, than over the expropriation of the large town capitalist in 1917-18. To gloss over this struggle was very far from my thoughts: but in my book I was concerned to give only the most essential historical background to the explanation of collective farming and its problems.

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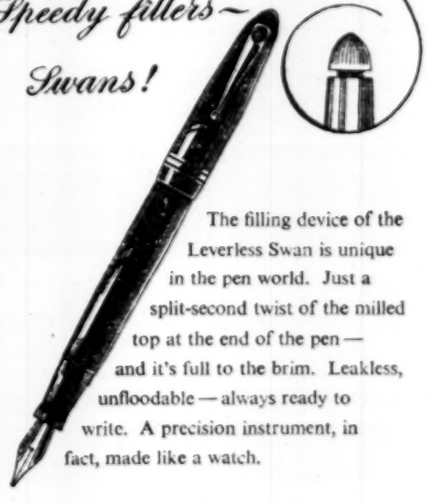

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

SINCE Northcliffe, there have only been two revolutionary innovations in the field of newspaper journalism—the tabloid, and the news magazine. In the tabloid—more highly developed in this country than in America, owing to our "national" circulations—politics and economics are given the treatment which a scientific examination of reader interest indicates that they deserve. Daily it holds a mirror before the eyes of its mass public, in which can be seen the monstrously enlarged reflection of its own tastes and manners. Here popular journalism reaches the apogee of popularity or, if you prefer it, plumbs the lowest common denominator of human interest.

The second great innovation—the news magazine—is as American as the tabloid is British. But the influence which Time Inc. exerts from its elegant temple in Rockefeller Center extends far beyond the news magazine and the American continent. It has moulded the style of journalists who know no English, and undermined their old-fashioned standard of objectivity—in particular, the distinction between news and comment. In this country, for instance, Lord Beaverbrook has brilliantly adapted the *Time* formula to the requirements of daily journalism.

This formula caters for the needs, or imagined needs, of the middle classes. Whereas the tabloid plumbs the L.C.D. of all classes, *Time* and the *Daily Express* attract readers by appealing to their ambitions. Setting out to edify and entertain Mr. and Mrs. Business Executive and little Master and Miss B.E., they capture millions for whom this status is only a fond hope. Because it is self-consciously addressed to the masses, the tabloid is matey, sexy and a little radical, whereas *Time* and the *Daily Express* are smart, bright and a little reactionary.

In a fascinating book*, recently published in America, a *Time* man himself has written the biography of the man who discovered the *Time-Life* formula. Most of us know about Henry Luce; but his partner, Briton Hadden, has been almost forgotten since he died at the age of 31, in 1928. They both went to school in the same year at Hotchkiss. They set each other off to perfection. For Luce, boarding school was a liberation from the Puritanism of the Christian compound in China. Repressed, diligent, a little dull, and immensely capable, he was the model student at Hotchkiss and at Yale (Phi Beta Kappa). Devoid of originality, but with an immense ambition, constricted and therefore energised by an acute sense of sin, he has always been able to organise talent, however wayward, for respectable and commercially successful ends. Hadden, on the other hand, was a genuine eccentric. The spoilt darling of a prosperous Brooklyn widow, he was a poseur almost before he could speak. His ambition was not for power but for self-expression, and he acted so many parts in his every-day life that they finally fused into a surrealist personality of repulsive charm. His one sincere and lifelong ambition was to excel at baseball, for which he showed no aptitude, and to his death he retained the gait and the mannerisms of speech which he fondly imagined that a Yankee would display. From early childhood he had an extraordinary feeling for words, which was not matched, however, by any interest in ideas or knowledge. Like Homer, whom he read with passion and whose style he copied in *Time*, Hadden loved to sing of famous deeds, without worrying too much about their social significance. Inevitably he became the editor, and Luce the manager.

* *Briton Hadden.* By Noel F. Busch. *Farrar, Straus.* $3.00.

But editor of what? At Hotchkiss and at Yale, Hadden and Luce lived as a fiercely competitive journalistic team. Then, after a short spell as cub reporters, they met again on Pulitzer's *Baltimore News*. There they planned *Time*, and drew up a prospectus.

> TIME is a weekly news-magazine, aimed to serve the modern necessity of keeping people informed, created on a new principle of COMPLETE ORGANISATION.
>
> TIME is interested—not in how much it includes between its covers—but in HOW MUCH IT GETS OFF ITS PAGES INTO THE MINDS OF ITS READERS. . . .
>
> From virtually every magazine and newspaper of note in the world, TIME collects all available information on all subjects of importance and general interest. The essence of all this information is reduced to approximately 100 short articles, none of which are over 400 words in length (seven inches of type). Each of these articles will be found in its logical place in the magazine, according to a FIXED METHOD OF ARRANGEMENT which constitutes a complete ORGANISATION of all the news.
>
> Then follows the familiar list of "Departments," into which *Time* is still divided to-day. At 22, Hadden had discovered the formula which was to enable him and Henry Luce to keep their word and become millionaires before the age of 30.

The epitaph on Hadden's tomb runs "His genius created a new form of journalism." As so often, genius was a capacity for the obvious. Hadden realised the abysmal ignorance of business men faced with their daily dose of newsprint. By keeping himself politically innocent and ill-informed, he remained spiritually in touch with Main Street. One anecdote illustrates this genius for literate Babbitry. He had found a cutting in the *New York Times*, announcing the death of the last surviving general of the Crimean War, and sent it to his foreign news editor with a cryptic scrawl: "Great story. B.H."

> Somewhat puzzled, the foreign news editor brought the clip back.
>
> "I don't understand this, Brit," he said. "Why do you think the death of this general is such a great story?"
>
> "It ain't duh general, it's duh war," growled Hadden, in Brooklynese.
>
> "I still don't get it," persisted the editor. "What do you want me to say about the war?"
>
> "Tell 'em all about it," snarled Hadden. "Tell 'em what duh Crime was!"

This story—or is it a myth?—illustrates one secret of the *Time* formula. The newspaper records day by day the flashes of news which come in over the tapes. Whether it concerns sport or politics or the Stock Exchange, a news story demands an immense background of information to be either interesting or intelligible to the reader. We can understand only those parts of a paper of which we have previous knowledge, and the art of newspaper editing is not to make everything interesting to everybody, but to cater for countless specialist minorities. Hadden decided to create a "class" paper in which every reader could understand everything, and everything should be made interesting to every reader. For this purpose, all he had to do was himself to read the *New York Times*, and re-write whatever caught his fancy, spicing it with enough background information to make it lively and intelligible. The Crimean War, he discovered, could be as newsy as the latest society scandal or political crisis. Babbitt should be provided with a magazine which, instead of telling him anything new, made intelligible the news which he had read or failed to read in the previous week.

For two young men with very little capital, this plan had the advantage of economy. The cost of collecting the news could be left to the newspapers, and *Time's* money could be poured into "research." So the new magazine grew up, with no reporters or correspondents, but with a huge staff of bright young girls, burrowing into the background of news items pirated from the daily press.

The second secret of the formula followed logically from the first. If every news item has to be completely re-written in the office in order to be made intelligible, the distinction between news and comment—the objective fact and the subjective editorial opinion—disappears. The *Time* story—like the *Daily Express* story—is a fusion of fact and "slant," performed so skilfully that the reader believes he is receiving the objective truth. In the case of *Time*, this impression is increased by the absence of editorials and signed articles, and by the strict uniformity of style and viewpoint which pervades the whole magazine, and gives to its huge staff a single group personality. Apparently, *Time* never expresses an opinion, but lets the facts speak for themselves: actually, every line of every story contains an implicit judgment on the facts, which the reader absorbs unwittingly.

The new journalism is, of course, an ideal instrument of political warfare. Literacy brings with it a distrust of propaganda, and a desire for information as a defence against it. We are all determined not to be duped by politicians and governments anxious to impose their views upon us. The radio programme or newspaper which continually condemns propaganda, and purports merely to summarise the news and the background of the news, puts us off our guard against its own much more subtle form of propaganda. Anglo-American political warfare was closely modelled on the *Time* technique, and its staff was largely drawn from Time Inc. and the *Daily Express* offices, where journalists know how to select news and re-write it according to directive.

These revolutionary implications of the new journalism, however, were not revealed to Hadden. He started *Time* as an impertinent undergraduate joke at the expense of Main Street. Its staff was mainly Harvard and Yale, its subscribers the bright young things of the 1920's. The people who enjoyed Scott Fitzgerald and Mencken could appreciate the Homeric adjectives of Briton Hadden. In those early days, *Time*, says Mr. Busch very aptly, was peopled with

> *tycoons, pundits, socialites, cinemactors, oldsters* and *moppets*, many of whom were *beady-eyed, shaggy-haired, bandy-legged*, or otherwise unusual in their appearance, and whose *potent, shrewd, famed, smart* or *blatant* activities, as reported by *newsmongers*, often consisted of *whacking, ogling, smirking, irking, vexing, ousting, plumping, chuffing*, or just plain *functioning*. *Time's* world clearly excelled the ordinary one to be encountered in *gum-chewers' sheetlets*.

There was a moment, in 1926, when *Time* might have developed into a *New Yorker*. Then Hadden, the editor, went to Europe for a holiday, and Luce, the manager, took the opportunity to move the paper to Cleveland, Ohio. Here, on the marches of the Middle West, he discovered his serious mission in life, when he realised what it meant to be deprived of the *New York Times*. It was impossible to be even reasonably well informed by reading the *Plain Dealer* or the corresponding local morning paper in any other Mid-Western or Western town. *Time*, therefore, must provide the weekly substitute for the *New York Times*: and, since the average American has no time to form his own opinions, it must form them for him.

Here was a task to satisfy the inordinate ambitions of a man who is still very much the son

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WORLD REVIEW

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
explains why he called his new play "Buoyant Billions" a *Comedy of No Manners*; STEPHEN WINSTEN tells how the play was written, and ESMÉ PERCY how it was produced.

ANDRÉ MALRAUX
contributes the first of his articles on T. E. LAWRENCE.

BERTRAND RUSSELL
surveys the years 1939-1949; GERALD BARRY looks back to September 3rd 1939; and PAUL ANDERSON reports from Germany on "Have the Germans learned anything?"

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES
replies to Professor Haldane and other Marxist apologists in "Lysenko and the Cold War".

PETER RUSSELL
describes his meeting with Ernest Hemingway in Italy; EUDORA WELTY discusses the art of the short story; HENRY TREECE puts the case for "Poetry in Schools".

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of a missionary. When Hadden returned from Europe, Luce demanded that he should honour the pact under which the two men had agreed to change places as editor and manager once every four years. Under Luce's editorship, *Time's* mannerisms and gay eccentricities gradually faded out; *Life* was founded to provide picture news for those who cannot easily read, and *Fortune* to give news of Big Business to those who think themselves Big Businessmen; reporters and foreign correspondents were hired. To-day, Time Inc. is a solemn institution of the American way of life, instead of a grimace at it.

Soon after the paper returned to New York in 1928, Hadden died. He had already become something of an embarrassment to his partner. As manager, he decided to found another paper, *Tide*, which should do for advertising what *Time* was doing for news. The "Fish of the month Club" was its most remarkable novelty, and Hadden used *Tide* for scarifying anyone who advertised in *Time*. By now, such juvenile jokes were out of place, and death conveniently removed a genius who had become an anomaly. As Mr. Busch observes:

> Instead of resembling a ragged mob shuffling down the side street of perception, the march of events became a glittering parade, with flags flying, bands playing and the ranks keeping step. *Time's* fault, by comparison with the newspapers, was that it presented the news late. Its incomparable virtue was that it presented history early.

No doubt this is what Mr. Luce believes that he is doing. Hadden would have used his most exuberant Brooklynese to describe such high-falutin' mythology. R. H. S. CROSSMAN

MORE CANTOS FROM EZRA POUND

The Pisan Cantos. By EZRA POUND. *Faber*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Selected Poems. By EZRA POUND. With an Introduction by T. S. Eliot. *Faber*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

It is almost impossible to be impartial about Ezra Pound. For a small, very select circle, which includes the greatest poets of our time, such as W. B. Yeats, T. S. Eliot, and Edith Sitwell, he has been not only an inspiring critic but no mean practitioner of poetry. To most other poets and lovers of poetry he is, if not something much worse, at least a mountebank and a buffoon. The appearance of *The Pisan Cantos* and the reprint of *Selected Poems* is a challenge to look at him again and try to decide what he is worth. This is not easy. Many powerful, if irrelevant, considerations push themselves forward and obscure the vision. We must forget Pound's politics and his war-record; we must also forget his disagreeable personality on paper, his cockiness and offensiveness, his pretences to a scholarship of which he is almost totally deficient (even in *Pisan Cantos* most of the Greek quotations are ungrammatical), his contempt for anything that might be thought pretty or warm-hearted or ordinarily human. If we can make this effort, we may then turn to *Pisan Cantos*.

From the start we are struck, almost overwhelmed, by two contradictory impressions. The first impression is that, despite everything, Pound has an ear for rhythm and an eye for words which assert themselves in every poem. His hatred of an out-moded, literary speech is justified by his own efforts to make words clear and clean and direct. More than this, he makes them move to his own music. The first line of the book shows of what he is capable:

> The enormous tragedy of the dream in the peasant's bent shoulders.

There are many such lines, and there are even passages of this quality. As we read the *Cantos*, we see why Mr. Eliot saw so much in Pound; for their voices are very similar. Pound can write the slow, melancholy line like

> As a lone ant from a broken ant-hill
> from the wreckage of Europe, ego scriptor,

or lines lighter and gayer like

> O lynx, guard my vineyard
> As the grape swells under vine leaf
> This Goddess was born of sea-foam
> She is lighter than air under Hesperus.

At intervals we find many such excellent lines, and we can see why Pound has had so great an influence in our time. When one of the chief problems of poetry has been to find a vocabulary which shall be fresh and precise and pointed, Pound has done much to show how it can be done.

This impression of excellent craftsmanship is countered and for the present reviewer ruined by the content of the poems. This excellent gift for words is applied on the whole to experiences which are dull or distasteful, usually dull. Pound rambles on, without plan or design, about a series of dreary subjects—the bad influence of bankers, gossip, seldom interesting, about men of letters and artists, stray bits of reading, conversations in American all too like actual conversations with Americans, semi-symbolical figures of hostesses and tourists and rich men, who are interesting neither as human beings nor as symbols, and of course political comments of a "blimpish" kind with a smack of Wall Street. Pound has a great deal to say, but he arranges it into no pattern, assuming perhaps that the stream of his consciousness is some golden stream. Alas, it is nothing of the kind. Pound's comments on life are peculiarly tedious, and, when they are spread over a whole book, they are deadly. Pound, after all the fuss and trouble, is nothing but a bore and an American bore. Read his poems in his own language and the voice is all too familiar. The unceasing rattle, the chaotic flow, the pointless gossip, the feeble generalisations, the "knowing" air, the inside information, the culture—these things are known to us and give no pleasure. The disaster of Pound is that he, to whom the gods gave a remarkable gift of words, has been denied the experience worthy of them. In the end he has very little to say that is worth saying. C. M. BOWRA

THE REAL PRINCESS IDA

Barbara Bodichon. By HESTER BURTON. *Murray*. 16*s*.

It is almost sad to read about the early days of the Women's Movement. What fine, aspiring souls they were then—how brave, how fortunate! They had a cause which was going to triumph, but not just yet; the noble task and all the victories lay ahead. There can be no more enviable portion, and their faces are bright with it: perhaps none brighter than the face of Barbara Leigh Smith, whose portrait, singularly overdue, has now been drawn.

Unlike so many rebels against what she called "the deconsideration of women," Barbara Smith had not approached revolt by way of personal suffering. She had not been caged or kept down; she had not wept and agonised with boredom like her cousin Florence Nightingale. The Unitarian Smiths were all for freedom and advanced thought, and had been acting on their theories for three generations. Barbara's father, the Radical M.P. for Norwich, even held that children should be free—girls as well as boys—and acted on that. Accordingly the young Smiths ran wild at home, bullying their gentle tutor, a Swedenborgian who did not believe in discipline. "We were all five very tyrannical towards him," owned Barbara, "but he never resisted our tyranny, *never!* He would insist that we were Angels, all the time that we impatiently asserted that we were devils, devils, devils." And proved it to anyone else but that extraordinary man, by feeling proofs." Once a year, to vary this education, their father took them jaunting about the British Isles or some part of Europe, in a four-horse omnibus. And to crown the whole fantastic work, when Barbara was twenty-one he gave her £300 a year to spend as she chose. His younger daughters were to have the same.

The product of this regime was neither an embittered genius nor a Tennysonian maiden, but a fine, romping girl, with the enterprise and courage to enjoy life in her own way. She had a talent for painting, and a taste for scouring the countryside on foot or horseback. She could have gone on doing these things, and the dreary taskwork of reform was partly against her nature; what rushed her into it was the contagion of example and the vigour of a generous mind. Being free herself, she must attempt to free other women. The Smiths had never bowed to custom and prejudice, or held their principles as mere opinions; they had gone straight to work, and so did she. In every branch of the conflict, wherever theory gave birth to action, Barbara Smith could be found.

In those days the position of women was simplicity itself. A wife had forfeited her "very being or legal existence" (in Blackstone's words); a spinster was contemptible, and not unlikely to starve. For there were only three trades open to the average woman—governessing, sewing and streetwalking; and all three were overcrowded to starvation point. But as the *Saturday Review* observed, that could not be helped:

> Married life is woman's profession, and to this life her training, that of dependence, is modelled. Of course, by not getting a husband, or losing him, she may find she is without resources. All that can be said of her is, she has failed in her business, and no social reform can prevent such failures.

Nor could any tampering with her dependence possibly come to good. At every point in the offensive launched by Barbara Smith and her friends, sheer tenderness for women figured side by side with their notorious imbecility, as the leading obstacle. The Married Women's Property Bill not only "had a smack of selfish independence about it," but would bring "untold misery" to wives. The agitation for a vote, though it *sounded* fair enough, was equally against the sex's real interest. "A lunatic," said the *Times* politely, "may be very ill used, but that is no reason for putting a sword into his hand." As for work, the opportunities they now enjoyed were all that nature permitted them. "Louie Garrett asked her hairdresser why women should not learn the hairdressing trade, and received the devastating answer: 'Impossible, madam. Why, it took ME a fortnight to learn it!'" And to conclude, if they were better educated it would make them unwomanly.

> In the light of the present unpopularity of the School Certificate, the struggles of Emily (Davies) and her committee, in this particular, read somewhat humorously... Even their friend Dr. Alford, the Dean of Canterbury, thought that by allowing girls to sit for the School Certificate "personal eminence would be dearly bought at the sacrifice of that unobtrusiveness which is at the same time the *charm* and *strength* of our Englishwomen."

But though defended by such exquisite reasons, the old world soon began to crumble at every point. It might be slow work—the franchise did not come till Barbara had been dead thirty years; but every move that she had urged on those who thought the time still unripe was a beginning of victory. Yet she had little of the fame, even where the fruits were not posthumous—even for her great share in the founding of Girton College.

There were sundry reasons for this eclipse. First, the circumstances of her private life. Barbara Smith was not made for celibacy; she was a healthy, warm-blooded girl, and her attractions were abundant in every sense. "Rossetti called her fat. Her friends called her beautiful." We need not question that both were right. "Of radiant beauty," then, "with masses of golden hair"; George Eliot used her as the model for Romola, but she had not the stiffness of Romola. Yet this exuberantly normal

woman had at one time declared for spinsterhood and lifelong repression. It came of getting up the facts for her assault on the marriage law. Though the law was monstrous in itself, she had assumed that cases of extreme tyranny must be rare; but not at all—she met them by tens of thousands. It gave her, for the time, a horror of sex. She must cut out "the strong necessity of loving"; she would not trust herself "in the power of any man." However, the resolve, or if you like neurosis, was overcome by a providential visit to Algiers. In Dr. Eugène Bodichon, a Frenchman of lofty principles, revolutionary views and somewhat peculiar habits, who was reforesting the country with eucalyptus trees, she found the husband that suited her. Nobody in England could make it out. One of her friends asked point-blank why she had married Eugène; she replied, because he was so precisely her idea of Caractacus. She also thought him "the handsomest man ever created"—but was objective enough to add: "Some people think the *Docteur* ugly and terrific." They did indeed. But whether handsome or not, he treated Barbara as an equal and a free woman; his vanity was not affronted by her gifts and activities, and though devoted to her he was not obsessive. Usually they were apart four months of the year. Barbara would have liked him to live in England, but he could not be detached from his Arabs and eucalyptus trees. So it was she who spent the winters in Algiers—a great wrench at first, and an interruption to all her projects. It was a more lasting grief that they had no children; the Algerian winters actually did her good. For social work *was* often a trial, as she felt increasingly when youth had passed.

Still it was not only that. She was also quietly played down by her fellow-rebel, Emily Davies. Emily had no jealous motive, but she loved decorum for its own sake—she was a daughter of the rectory—and also believed it paid. Barbara, in her opinion, went too roundly to work. She called the arguments of their opponents foolish—"Of course they are, but it does not seem quite polite to say so." She was too outspoken about women's wrongs. "I find nothing irritates men so much as to attribute tyranny to them . . . Men cannot stand indignation, and though of course I think it is just, it seems better to suppress the manifestation of it." Nor had Barbara, in her ways and manners, that unobtrusiveness which the Dean of Canterbury so much admired. Now Emily's plan was to seduce all the deans, and surround her work for education with the utmost respectability; so she felt that Barbara should not be too prominent.

And Barbara did not mind at all. She had once written of her father that he "worked always with the highest end in view *to get the good work done*, not obstinately to do it himself"; that often "he gave up his work, his ideas and his money, and all his experience, that another might do the work better, and reap the harvest of good opinion." That was exactly what she did in her turn. So she was overlooked by fame, and to those who had known and loved her, and who had fresh in mind her long last years of illness and helplessness, it all seemed too bad.

However, Barbara did not care for being known. And it is obvious that she had no vocation for public work: if it had engulfed her being, as it did Florence Nightingale's, it would have paid her in celebrity. She wanted freedom, natural enjoyment, plenty to do, and she had all these things in good measure. In spite of childlessness, her marriage was happy. Her friends were many, often remarkable, and they valued her as she deserved. It was of Barbara that George Eliot asked advice, when she was hesitating whether to defy the world and set up house with George Lewes; Barbara gave her none, but merely promised to stand by her in any circumstances. And she kept her word valiantly. "I will not call you friend," the greater woman wrote afterwards, "I will call you only Barbara, the name I must always associate with a true large heart."

All these facts (I hope it has been obvious) come from the book under review. There is a manner for biographies of this kind, which are acts of love and justice, rather than dispassionate studies or works of art. This manner Hester Burton preserves, and rightly. It does not make her less convincing or amusing to read.

K. JOHN

PRELUDE TO 1926

The Miners, A History of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, 1889-1910. By R. PAGE ARNOT. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

It is to be hoped that the National Union of Mineworkers and Messrs. Allen and Unwin have conspired already to place on the stocks a successor to this book, from the same pen. Or better, two successors. First, to round off this picture of industrial organisation in the coalfields, on the county and, later, on the national level, there is need of a fresh study of the growth and development of the "lodge"—the basic factor in the miners' self-created industrial democracy. Confined by the limitations of a single volume to the top-level currents and cross-currents of miners' trade unionism which finally created, in 1889, the M.F.G.B., Mr. Page Arnot has had to take for granted the loyalties and schisms which must have united and split the men whose representatives' doings he describes—with great human sympathy combined with a Marxist's appreciation of the material setting in which they moved. Secondly, if the N.U.M. of to-day is to be seen realistically, the story of the miners' industrial organisation and its objectives must be carried forward from 1910—when Liberal capitalist democracy still offered scope for manoeuvre and concessions and appeasement, to the sharpened class-war of the 'Twenties, when the miners finally learned that only by the displacement of private ownership could an industry, destroyed by the blind greed and selfish improvidence of capitalism, be given a chance of reconstruction in the public interest.

In that lesson there may have been a "catch": the miners who, in the tragic inter-war period of unemployment and sabotaged pits, pinned their faith on nationalisation, may not have foreseen the anti-Socialist upper bureaucracy of the N.C.B., or have expected that the ex-owners of a bankrupted industry would be recompensed on expropriation, by a huge tithe-rent *in perpetuo*, on its production. But if they were naive, they may console themselves by a backward glance at the still greater delusions, set forth fairly in Mr. Page Arnot's pages, of most of their long-dead leaders who argued so stubbornly, in the transitional period of British capitalism (when crises were still only dips in a rising curve), how to fight the coal-owners most effectively.

From the outset, in the early 'Sixties, when the ex-Scots agitator, Alexander McDonald, founded the short-lived National Union to promote a programme of parliamentary legislation, and was challenged, in 1869, by the "direct action," and equally short-lived Association of Miners, there were complex cross-currents at work. In the 'Seventies, the Northern counties and South Wales accepted—with disastrous results in the Welsh lock-outs of '73 and '75—the principle that selling prices should determine wages; and, by 1880, the miners' organisation had reached a low ebb. Depression continued into the 'Eighties; and, in 1887, Ben Pickard, first President of the future M.F.G.B., saw nothing in the coal-fields but "the destitution and impoverished condition of the people, with the children going about bare-footed and bare-legged in the streets." Then came the economic revival of 1888, with rising coal prices, the nation-wide movement to claim wage-advances, and the founding of the Federation.

The still unresolved question, however, remained: should "justice"—in relation to hours of work and safety—be obtained from a supposedly neutral State, and should the miners rely mainly on the higgling of the market to extract, from a

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still expanding capitalist economy, a fairer slice of the cake? The original founders of the M.F.G.B. belonged to the old, Liberal-minded school. In the pages of *The Miners* they are silhouetted—Ned Cowly, of Yorkshire, affronted because a miners' institute, let for a secularist meeting, was being turned into "a den of atheists"; Pickard—that "grand fighter"—who nevertheless naively worshipped Gladstone; Broadhurst, M.P. for Nottingham, who "humbugged the miners from Genesis to Revelation" by opposing the 1890 Eight Hour Bill in the House as an interference with adult liberties.

None the less, unity was achieved. Despite all the conflicts between the old and the new trade unionism and between the Liberals and the new-fangled subversive Socialists, the M.F.G.B. had, by 1910, put firmly on the map the miner's right to a living wage, regardless of the selling price of coal; and it had resolved the divisions between districts impotent, in disunity, to fight the coal-owners. There were dark days (which I trust Mr. Page Arnot will be charged with chronicling) still to come. The conciliation awards of Lord James of Hereford in the early 1900's were magnanimous in comparison with the miners' portion twenty-five years later. But the main thing was that the miners met the 20th Century's general crisis of capitalism as a united body of workers. And that unity is to-day unbreakable.

AYLMER VALLANCE

NORMAL RECREATION OF NOBLE MINDS

Crooked House. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Head of a Traveller. By NICHOLAS BLAKE. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Skeleton in the Clock. By CARTER DICKSON. *Heinemann.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

It was in 1841 that Edgar Allan Poe invented the detective story. It has had a long run. The present congeries of three most eminent modern writers provides a rare occasion to ruminate over the past and speculate about the future of this peculiar branch of fiction. How far have we travelled since *The Murders in the Rue Morgue?* Where is Sherlock Holmes heading to-day?

At first glance such questions may appear futile; for the detective story seems tied to its line of procedure as irremediably as a tramcar. No other form of literature has changed so little in the last hundred years. Ever the same old routine: the hands of justice groping relentlessly after the criminal in anything from twenty to three hundred pages, and collaring him on the last page. How can such a mechanical toy alter its habits? It will just go on repeating itself until people are utterly bored; and then become extinct. In fact, according to one authority, the detective in literature is already extinct. Listen to this: "He has enjoyed extraordinary popularity, and may even claim to be the one person equally beloved by statesmen and errand boys. But he makes no new conquests. From henceforth he retires to limbo with the dodo. He carries with him the regret of a civilised world." That egregious obituary was published forty-four years ago! Detection since then has taken two world wars in its stride, and to-day has as promising a future as any other form of human enterprise on this benighted planet.

To find an explanation for the longevity of the detective story there is no obligation to go probing into the stokehold of the libido—where errand boys and statesmen join hand in hand indulging sadistic fantasies, preparatory to purging their vicarious guilt in the ultimate triumph of Good over Evil. Such things may well be going on in the subliminal self of all readers of fiction. No, the essential appeal of the detective story has a rational basis, in that it is an elaborate game of skill.

The original game was a contest of wits between detective and criminal, in which the reader participated as a mere onlooker. Read Conan Doyle again, and you will notice that you are asked to do no more than marvel at Holmes's feats of superhuman intelligence. This game still goes on, particularly in America, where the Dashiel Hammett school has extended the superhuman qualities of the detective to include an endless capacity to endure and inflict pain, immunity to alcoholic poisoning, and chronic susceptibility to women.

But in the last thirty years a new game has been developed out of the first—and to my taste an infinitely better one—in which the exhibition match between justice and crime, where the result is a foregone conclusion, has been replaced by a ding-dong struggle between author and reader, each one trying to out-smart the other at intellectual hide-and-seek. This modern version of detection originated, as far as I know, with Mr. E. C. Bentley's *Trent's Last Case* in 1913 and Mrs. Christie's *The Mysterious Affair at Styles* in 1920. Mr. Bentley, recalling his innovation, writes: "It should be possible, I thought, to write a detective story in which the detective was recognizable as a human being." Mrs. Christie's account of *Styles* is equally simple. Her sister had complained that it was almost impossible to find a *good* detective story, where you didn't know who had committed the crime. "I said I thought I could write one." From these two pioneers detection received a new lease of life. Once the detective superman was reduced to normal human stature the reader was free to compete with him in solving the crime; and the author was forced to resort to every legitimate trick of his trade to conceal the identity of the criminal.

This improved model of the detective story enjoyed a Golden Age for twenty years. But the new game handicaps the author with increasing severity. The reader is not only an antagonist, but umpire, too. He decides whether the ball is in or out. Worse still, by experience he gets the hang of the author's style of trickery. With a first book a new writer has a plus 15 advantage, but by his tenth the score opens against him *owe* 40. Miss Dorothy Sayers was wise to retire on her laurels before the public got around to the methods of Lord Peter Wimsey.

In self-defence, as they run out of mechanical plots, authors are taking to psychology. (After all, the number of ways in which murders can be committed is somewhat limited, whereas the type of person liable to commit them is unrestricted.) Some of the latest books to come under review have edged well over the borderline into character novels. But there is danger in that direction. The moment we can see all round a character as one can in a novel, we are liable to spot the murderous devil by the jib of his trousers, where the tail juts out behind. It is safer to adopt Mrs. Christie's technique and line up the candidates for crime strictly facing the audience.

Mrs. Christie is a marvel. *Crooked House* is her forty-ninth contribution to detection, and her sleight of hand is still impeccable. When the old Greek financier is injected with eyedrops instead of with insulin she brings along the members of his family to meet us one at a time, and allows us a good stare at each in turn—and then she starts hanging motives round their uneasy necks. Ten suspects, I make it. Which do you fancy? My favourite was No. 7, and I'm thankful to say I was right. But I could never have plumped for that one, had I not been nudged by an echo from the past. That is the penalty for writing forty-nine detective stories that Mrs. Christie has to pay. She can no longer expect to win *every* game against all comers.

Nicholas Blake is always a pleasure to read. (Sensitive handling of the English language is not so easily come by in detection.) In *Head of a Traveller* a headless body is dragged to light from one of the upper reaches of the Thames, outside the backdoor of a poet's riverside house. The close, thundery atmosphere of the Thames Valley almost gives one a headache with its realism. The plot is far-fetched, but not outside the bounds of plausibility: the persons under suspicion in the poet's *ménage* have their characters lovingly exposed. Too lovingly! The cloven hoof of the villain is plain to see among such a welter of innocence.

Carter Dickson disdains to murder except in the most improbable circumstances. In *The Skeleton in the Clock* an old gentleman is assassinated on a flat roof-top by an invisible assailant with half the village watching. If you wish to cope with Carter Dickson you must learn to disregard his stage properties—the skeletons, the dark passages, the whiff of the supernatural and the comic interludes with Sir Henry Merrivale. Keep your eye on that roof-top and you won't go far wrong. For, whatever liberties this author takes with human nature, his mechanical devices can be counted on to work. As long as his contraptions, Nicholas Blake's psychology and Mrs. Christie's duplicity continue to puzzle us, the game of detection will justify its proud boast as "the normal recreation of noble minds."

RALPH PARTRIDGE

INQUEST ON PITY

The Belsen Trial. Volume II of the War Crimes Trials Series. Edited by RAYMOND PHILLIPS. *Hodge.* 30*s.*

"Germany needs your arms," the S.S. Guard told new arrivals. "You are, therefore, going to work: but I want to tell you that never again will you see your families. Who enters this camp will leave it only by the chimney of the crematorium."

The photographs of Josef Kramer and his 44 co-defendants, published at intervals through this book among the most horrifying collection of pictures I have ever seen, are those of a bunch of near-cretins who look capable of everything alleged against them. Terror was their only weapon and by terror alone were they driven. (The Auschwitz gas-chambers, in which over four million naked human beings

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THE BODLEY HEAD

were murdered in two years, were staffed by Auschwitz prisoners: the staff was changed every three months, the new staff gassing the old.)

This book will do no good if it merely goes to swell the literature of hate. It may even be as well to remind those who will never read it that, among the people on trial for flogging, starving and gassing the inmates of Belsen and Auschwitz, for setting dogs on them, shooting them for "sport," and subjecting them to insane forms of experimental surgery, were Czechs, Rumanians, Austrians, Yugoslavs, Poles and Danes, as well as Germans: that many of them were conscripts to the S.S. and many others were prisoners who had themselves been flogged and starved.

If there are to be more wars, an apparent balance of power between the belligerents is likely, I believe, to do more than conventions and academic enactments to get belligerent nations thinking on the lines of Professor Brierly's test of a war-crime:

> Can this killing which would normally be murder, this injury which would normally be unlawful wounding, this taking of property which would normally be theft, be justified as an act of war? If not it will be a war crime.

Within the necessarily wide limits of procedural licence in these cases the trial was a miracle of fairness and unhurried patience. Most of the defendants chose British counsel to defend them; all gave evidence in their own defence, many calling witnesses in person or by affidavit. Cross-examination of the defendants themselves was so restrained that it is the more galling to read the traditional cross-examination of the poor wretches who had survived to give evidence for the prosecution—"I am suggesting, you know, that the whole incident is imaginary," "I put it to you that you have just concocted this story," "Do you know that in your affidavit you said this was on 4th March?" In general, the questions might be heard at any Quarter Sessions trial for receiving a pound of sugar. But at least the trial took place: and if the only verdicts open to question were those acquitting fourteen of the defendants, these lend emphasis to the justness of the convictions. C. H. ROLPH.

WOODLAND AND WASTE

Britain's Green Mantle. By A. G. TANSLEY. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*

Forest is the natural covering of most of our mild, wet island, and this book of Professor Tansley's is largely concerned with the various reasons why we do not live in a forest, why there are grassy downs and heathery moorlands, fens and fells. As one reads these lucid, well-arranged chapters our familiar landscape is seen as the product of and the stage for an immensely complicated struggle between green things of a thousand different kinds, each with its own needs; a struggle where triumph is often precarious and short-lived, as where an almost imperceptible change in dampness sends flying bent to colonise a hillside of heather, or where the flowers we see to-day will soon be dying as slow-growing trees inexorably exclude the sun.

All these vegetable triumphs are precarious except the final one. When the biggest, strongest plant—the one best adapted to soil and sunshine, wind and rain—has firmly established itself, the ecologist writes "climax," for he knows that—excluding man's activities or a major change in climate—the landscape may now remain unaltered for a geological epoch.

The succession of various types of vegetation ending in the "climax" of forest or savannah may be seen following its inevitable course in the virgin countries of the world. In our own country, however, mankind interferes with it at every stage; not only intentionally and obviously by felling and burning, ploughing and planting; but also unintentionally and indirectly, as when the killing of hawks and weasels enables mice and voles to flourish and devour acorns which should renew the oakwood.

This book by Professor Tansley has been long awaited. If a popular book on this fascinating subject were ever going to be written it was obvious that he was the man to do it. His great work *The British Islands and their Vegetation* will always remain the standard work on the subject but it is a little laborious for the non-botanist. His small book, *Our Heritage of Wild Nature*, is a well-argued plea for allowing some wild landscapes to remain even in this overcrowded island, but it is short and incomplete. The present book is an excellent example of popular exposition and it may well produce a new type of tourist with a new interest in the countryside—a tourist who will travel to compare podsol beechwoods and loam beechwoods, fen carrs, and reed swamps, salicornietums and spartineums. All these have their own value and interest and so have all the other wild and half-wild landscapes—pinewoods and oakwoods and birchwoods, and the queer yew woods of Kingly Vale, the sand-dunes of Norfolk and the rough rocks of Ben Nevis, the turf of the chalk downs and the lonely monotonous expanse of the Bog of Tregaron.

All these, thinks Professor Tansley, are of such interest and beauty that an effort should be made to preserve them. Not all are threatened, but some of them are desperately in need of informed defenders. The chief threats at present are two—they come from the Central Electricity Board and the Forestry Commission. The first dries up and drowns. The mountain rivers will become dreary gullies of dusty boulders, their water diverted down iron pipes, and the fertile glen will become a "head pond." The other threat is even worse:

> The specific beauty of broad-leaved deciduous woodland is replaced by the dreary uniformity of the evergreen canopy. This is especially marked when, as is the common practice, an even-aged plantation of conifers is felled before the trees are mature, in response to a market demand. Young coniferous plantations, straight-edged and neat in form, with precisely aligned saplings are not beautiful objects.

They are not. But the wrong-headed, short-sighted, self-centred Forestry Commission is busily covering huge areas with them. How our descendants will regret that Professor Tansley was not in charge of our reafforestation, that the forest which is returning to the Highland hills will not be a beautiful, natural, self-renewing forest like that of central Sweden, but a sad black blanket, meanly commercial!

One criticism of this excellent book might perhaps be made: the illustrations, though well-chosen and interesting, are many of them deplorably smudgy. This is much to be regretted, for many readers are attracted to a book of this kind by the illustrations; if the illustrations seem dull or confused they pick up instead some book that happens to contain good eye-catchers. It would indeed be a pity if this happened to *Britain's Green Mantle*, for it is worth a dozen of the average book on the countryside. STEPHEN BONE

SWISS CAVALCADE

Travellers in Switzerland. By G. R. de BEER. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

Gavin de Beer is a versatile man. He was President of the Linnean Society. He is trilingual, has written one book in French, and could have written it equally well in German and he is the greatest living authority on Alpine travel. I concede this with reluctance, and should have been quite pleased had I been able to discover more than two slips on points of fact. Moore's crossing of the Strahleck in December '66 was *not* the first tour in the high Alps in winter for Hugi had crossed the same pass in winter about forty years earlier, and Studer's derivation of Lauterbrunnen "nothing but springs" should have been corrected. *Lauter* means clear, e.g. Lauteraar.

The book consists of the itineraries of Alpine travellers, important and obscure, from Willa of Ivrea (941) to the present reviewer (1945). It is an essential work of reference which every library will automatically have to purchase, and it is also a perfect bedside book, for the enchanting extracts from the works of the travellers are selected with skill and humour, producing the effect of a Swiss *Cavalcade* for a thousand years. An early link in Anglo-Swiss relations was Henry VIII's envoy Sir Richard Pace. Such was the prestige of Swiss arms that a Swiss alliance was rather like the monopoly of the atom bomb in our own days. "To whomsoever the Swiss incline he is like in time to be lord of all . . . undoubtedly if I had brought money with me, the King's grace, and none other had had the Swiss surely." It was a case of too little and too late, for 1515 was the year of the defeat of the Swiss at Marengo, after which their military fame began to decline. In more recent times British Envoys have approached the Swiss not to buy a military alliance but to sell Jet planes in order that the impoverished English can obtain Swiss francs for Alpine holidays.

Displaced persons soon began to find their way to what Cavour, who was one of them, described as "cet hôpital des blessés politiques." Protestants who did not want to be burnt by Mary and Catholics, and Campion, whom de Beer has overlooked, returning home to be hanged by Elizabeth, passed through Geneva. As did Ludlow the regicide, much consoled in exile by the fact that the lady of the house was English and therefore provided "good beer." It was at the Berne conference of the Bolsheviks that the demand for a Third International was voiced by Lenin. A meeting was subsequently held in the unknown Swiss village of Zimmerwald. The hotel proprietor was so gratified by the world-wide publicity which Zimmerwald owed to the Bolsheviks that he offered to subscribe to the funds of the Third International.

The eighteenth-century prophets of the mountain cult were more interested in mountains as a peg for ideology than in mountain beauty,

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COLLINS

Rousseau neither knew nor loved the Alps, Shelley's *Mont Blanc* tells us more about *Mont Blanc* than Shelley. The theme of Byron's *Manfred* is incestuous love rather than mountain love. There was an inevitable connection between the revolt against classical standards in landscape and against conservative standards in politics, and Chateaubriand found it natural that mountains which he disliked were admired by people whose views he detested.

Wordsworth's genuine love of mountains survived his disillusion about the French Revolution, and with Ruskin we enter the period when the love of mountains was finally divorced from its Rousseauesque background.

The mountaineers are, of course, adequately represented, but of more general interest are the less familiar extracts from nineteenth-century travellers; Daniel Wilson, future Bishop of Calcutta, accompanying the signature of his name in Rousseau's house " with some tokens of disagreement from the sentiments of this pernicious writer " (Wilson also recorded his disagreement with Shelley's avowal of atheism in the traveller's book at Chamonix); Frances Havergal, the hymn writer, persuading the driver of a diligence to join her in singing her translation of *Nearer My God to Thee*, and complaining that the natives of Courmayeur were less ready to accept gospels than the Swiss. And then follows the inevitable reaction, represented, among others, by Samuel Butler, who kept away from English frequented hotels because he was made uncomfortable if he did not go to service on Sunday, and by Oscar Browning, who distributed not Protestant tracts to the good Catholic innkeeper at Riederalp, but Voltaire's works in a hundred volumes. " Subsequently one of Browning's pupils found that they had been buried and had them dug up." There are some poignant evocations of the Victorian ethos; the loyal subject, for instance, who climbed Mount Pilatus because Queen Victoria had climbed it. " I was happy to tread in Her Majesty's footsteps, though I must confess that I did not succeed in mounting to the very top. But to do a little less than the Queen is not a dishonourable exploit."

It is tantalising to be reminded that as late as 1905 it was still possible to spend a fortnight in Switzerland, including the return fare, for five guineas. In 1849 you could travel the entire length of Lucerne and back for thirty centimes. My father, the first travel agent to appreciate the possibilities of winter sports, paid the Baer Hotel at Grindelwald three and sixpence a head for complete *pension*, heating, and use of ice rink and toboggans.

The itineraries provide indirect evidence of the period at which Grindelwald, Chamonix and Zermatt became popular and the passing into disfavour of places like Einsiedeln. The influence of Byron in popularising the Wengernapl can be measured by the fact that whereas the recorded crossings of the Great Scheidegg were three times more than that of the Little Scheidegg before Byron's day, the Little Scheidegg was more popular than the Great Scheidegg after the publication of *Manfred*. The former pass had to be crossed by the traveller from Grindelwald to Neiringen, whereas the easiest way from the Little Scheidegg to Grindelwald was round by the valley.

ARNOLD LUNN

British War Economy. By W. K. HANCOCK AND M. M. GOWING. *H.M.S.O.*, 21*s.*

This is the first of a series of official histories of the civil side of the war. The series was commissioned in 1942 to provide a " pool of experience "—presumably for future wars—and later volumes will cover such subjects as Problems of Social Policy, Manpower, and the Design and Development of Weapons. The authors have had an advantage which was denied to their post-1918 predecessors of the Carnegie histories; they were given access to relevant papers while the events they describe were actually happening, or were at least fresh in the memory. The result in this volume (which is in a sense an introduction to the whole series) is an interesting, readable and presumably accurate account of economic development, stage by stage, from the somewhat rudimentary planning before 1939 to the sudden end of the war against Japan. Perhaps the best tribute that can be paid to the authors is to say that, after reading the book, one still does not know their political views, though they permit themselves a few slightly acid passages over the incompetence of the Chamberlain Government and do not hide their belief that Lend-Lease was shaped in part by American fears of competition in the future. There is a description of the attempts at joint planning with France before Dunkirk—attempts which hitherto have received too little recognition. There is a fascinating section on the economic aspects of the new alliances after the events of June and December 1941. The sections on home affairs and the accounts of general social, economic and industrial policies anticipate later books in the series, but one is left wondering why the list of further titles does not include a fuller study of these international experiments. Government departments are frankly criticised whenever they call for criticism; there is no attempt at whitewashing. Thus, though the book stops short of the reconstruction period, it contains quite a lot of useful guidance for civil servants and others who plan for peace. The clearest lesson of all is to be drawn from the appalling inadequacy, before the outbreak of war, of the Government's knowledge of the country's economic and social structure and potentialities. Planning in the early days was too often a painful and costly business of trial and error. Whether in peace or war, that must not be allowed to happen again.

CORRECTION: In last week's issue the price of " The Drawings of Domenichino in the Collection of His Majesty the King at Windsor Castle," by JOHN POPE-HENNESSY, *Phaidon Press*, was given as 25*s.* The correct price is 30*s.*

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Opera. VERDI: *Un Ballo in Maschera* (Complete recording: Gigli/Ribetti/Bechi/Pasero/Caniglia/Rarbieri/Chorus and Orch. of Opera house Rome/Serafin. DB9075–91). It is arguable that, with the exception of *La Traviata*, *Un Ballo* (1859) is the most successful of Verdi's operas before *Aida*. The libretto is no more implausible than that of *Il Trovatore*, the musical level is better sustained than that of *Rigoletto*, and the construction is free from the weaknesses that mar *La Forza del Destino*. The first scene of act II contains some of the most ravishing music Verdi ever wrote, and elsewhere the score is rich in splendid tunes and dramatic invention of all kinds. Those (and I am one of them) who insist that Italian opera, to be really enjoyed, must be performed in the authentic, full-blooded Italian manner, will surely be delighted by this set. Of course it has faults: the singing is much too continuously loud; the Oscar of Elda Ribetti is accurate but lacking in spirit; and Maria Caniglia lets us down on several occasions, notably in Act I, where she delivers the lovely phrase, " Consentimi Signore," with such obvious effort that it fails to soar properly above the other voices. But the magnificent vitality of the performance as a whole allows us to forget these shortcomings. Tullio Serafin keeps the orchestra in a continual glow and the recording deals successfully with the very high dynamic level. No attempt has been made to achieve theatre perspective, but there is little or no over-modulation. Readers who decide to buy this issue will not, I believe, regret their extravagance.

Company Meeting

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The Twentieth Annual General Meeting of Telephone Rentals, Ltd., was held on Monday, August 29th, in London, Mr. Fred T. Jackson, O.B.E., Comp. I.E.E. chairman and joint managing director, presiding.

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COMPETITION

Apart from the usual articles and features dealing with education in the post-school years, the September issue of FURTHER EDUCATION (edited by HUNTER DIACK) contains a stimulating examination paper in English. Prizes offered.

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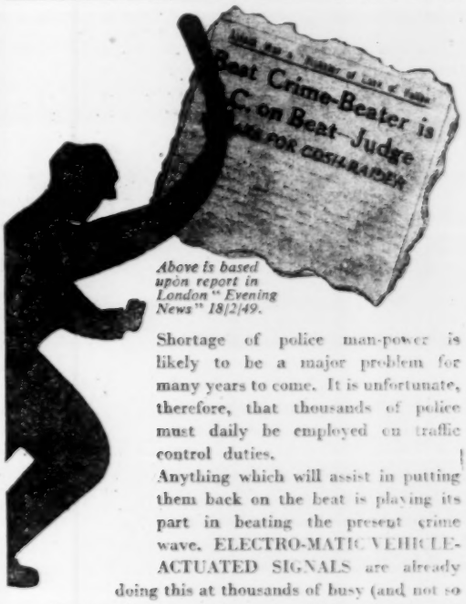

Above is based upon report in London "Evening News" 18/2/49.

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Symphonies. MOZART: C major K551 ("Jupiter") (Vienna Phil/Böhm. C3884-7). A very well conducted performance, remarkable for beauty of string tone and carefully balanced woodwind. The tempi are reasonable, leaving room for everything to make its effect. This is now the best set. The fill-up is the overture to Mozart's *The Impresario*. BEETHOVEN: No. 1 in C major (New York Phil/Walter. LX1204-7). Also the best of the available sets (including Toscanini's, which shows its age). Bruno Walter achieves a beautifully finished performance: his delicate phrasing is a continual delight. The recording has a very wide dynamic range and none of the dryness of many American issues.

Concerto. EUGENE GOOSSENS: Oboe Concerto (Leon Goossens/Philharmonia/Süsskind. DX1578-9). Synthetic "modern" music, of which the best I can find to say is that it is not actively disagreeable. The solo comes up to expectation and the recording is good.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. MOZART: *Divertimento* No. 3, E flat major (K166); Minuet and Trio from *Serenade* No. 11, E flat major (K375) (London Symphonic Players/Blech. AK2225-6). This suite is not of much intrinsic value, though it would certainly lend enchantment to a garden party—the kind of entertainment for which it must have been intended. The fill-up belongs to a later and much more interesting work, of which we should welcome an integral recording as good as this one. SUPPÉ: *Pique Dame*—Overture (NSO/Fistoulari. K1283). An outstandingly brilliant record. The music is sunny and piquant, the recording first-rate. AUBER: *Masaniello*—Overture (Bournemouth Municipal Orch/Schwarz. C3888). Preferable to the Decca record of this work and an improvement on the Bournemouth Orchestra's first issue, for the string-wind balance is better. The performance is admirably neat and the recording spacious enough to accommodate the rowdy conclusion of the overture. GRANADOS: *Goyescas*—Intermezzo; REVUELTAS: *Sensemaya* (Sym Orch/Stokowski. DB6915). *Goyescas* is a short opera based on the composer's famous suite for piano. The Intermezzo—a beautiful, quiet piece—was written specially for the opera. It would be difficult to improve on either performance or recording. *Sensemaya*, by a Mexican composer who died in 1940, is described as a tone poem. It is repellently ugly, monotonously noisy and dull, but the recording is skilful enough. PUCCINI: *Manon Lescaut*—Intermezzo Act III; MASCAGNI: *Cavalleria Rusticana*—Intermezzo (Vienna Phil/Karajan. LX1208). I cannot like this record. Karajan's conducting of both pieces is very emphatic and what I should describe as unfelt. In the first Intermezzo I prefer the NSO/Beer version (Decca); in the second that of the B.B.C. Theatre Orch/Robinson (Decca). ELGAR: *Wand of Youth*, Suite No. 1 (Liv Phil/Sargent. DX1582-4). This fresh, sincere music distils the essence of childhood with an art that recalls Mahler in certain moods. The performance is affectionate and the recording on the whole very pleasant, although some of the surfaces are rather rough. (Fill-up: the *Londonderry Air*). A Decca set, announced some months ago, has not reached me. And now, please, let us have Suite No. 2.

Chamber Music, Piano. BEETHOVEN: *Violin Sonata*, Op. 96, G major (Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin. DB6495-7). The Menuhins do not seem to me to have got the hang of this wonderful, but extremely elusive, sonata. The opening movement, as they render it, is not calm or intimate. The pianist's *forte* is brutal rather than strong, the theme of the Adagio most insensitively played, and the Trio of the Scherzo carelessly phrased. The recording is excellent, but I still greatly prefer the Kraus/Goldberg set (Parl). LISZT: *Hungarian Rhapsody No.* 6 (Horowitz. DB6659). A stupid piece of claptrap, executed with prodigious dexterity. In the U.S.A. it is claimed that the recording is perfectly adequate, but on British gramophones it sounds as if Horowitz were thrashing an ancient zither. LISZT: Paganini Studies—*La Campanella* and *La Chasse* (Kentner. DX1580). Very competent. Both these pieces are musically thin; but while *La Chasse* has a certain picturesque charm, *La Campanella* is merely irritating. The latter is also available in a version recorded by Cyril Smith (HMV). BENJAMIN: *Caribbean Dance*; WALTON: *Popular Song* ("Façade") (Cyril Smith/Phyllis Sellick. Col. DB2557). Another bull's-eye from this brilliant duo. The *Caribbean Dance* may not be quite as catchy as the same composer's *Jamaican Rumba* (issued a month or two ago); but it has as much rhythmical ingenuity. The *Popular Song* goes very well on two pianos.

Vocal. SCHUBERT: "Sei mir gegrüsst" and "Ständchen" (Schlusnus. K2223). A model of Lieder singing from a veteran whose style is nearly impeccable. Beautifully modulated tone and excellent recording balance. DEBUSSY: *Fêtes Galantes*; "Les Ingénus," "Le Faune," "Colloque Sentimentale" (Gérard Souzay. K2171). It would be hard to exaggerate the beauty of M. Souzay's singing in the first two of these lovely *romances*; such a combination of clarity and extreme refinement is very rare. His "Colloque Sentimentale," on the other hand, compares unfavourably with Bernac's (HMV). In a song like this the meaning has to be conveyed through a certain degree of dramatic expression, and M. Souzay's conception appears altogether too discreet. PUCCINI: *Tosca*—"Vissi d'arte"; *La Bohème*—"Quando me'n vo'" (Ljuba Welitsch. LB82). The appeal of Mme Welitsch's voice never wholly fails; but although her art enables her to convey the pathos of Tosca's passionate outburst, her style is too Teutonic to be entirely convincing. I recommend Licia Albanese (HMV) in this well-worn *preghiera*. In Musetta's Waltz Song Mme Welitsch lacks coquetry and the final upward fling is lamely executed. Recording good. BOITO: *Mefistofele*—"L'atra notte in fondo al mare"; MASSENET: *Hérodiade*—"Il est doux, il est bon" (Licia Albanese. DB6883). Despite an imperfect command of coloratura, Mme Albanese makes her effect in the florid aria from *Mefistofele*. Massenet's *Hérodiade* is innocence itself compared with the Wilde-Strauss version of the story; but Salome's comments on St. John are fraught with the composer's insidious appeal. The orchestral part in these two arias comes through remarkably well, but there is some distortion of the voice. MASSENET: *Hérodiade*—"Visione fuggitiva"; ROSSINI: *William Tell*—"Resta immobile" (Paolo Silveri/LSO/Robinson. DX1585). "Vision fugitive" is an old favourite—and deserves to be, for it is an extraordinarily effective piece of theatrical sentiment. But Silveri's style is too Italian—and too rough—to cope with the decadent refinement of this very Parisian music. The disc should be bought, however, for the sake of the aria from *William Tell*—a most impressive affair, finely delivered and adequately recorded. SIBELIUS: "The Young Sportsman," "Hymn to Thaïs"; "Sigh sedges sigh," "The First Kiss" (Aulikki Rautawaara. RO20574-5). These songs have a certain prettiness, similar—though unequal—to that of Grieg in the same genre. Mme Rautawaara's somewhat anaemic singing hardly gives them the assistance they need. PURCELL: "If music be the food of love," and "Music for a while" (Alfred Deller/Walter Bergmann (Harpsichord). C3890). This is the gramophone début of a most unusual artist. Mr. Deller is a male alto who combines a voice of unearthly quality with high musical intelligence and great technical assurance. One would like to hear him as Orpheus in Gluck's opera. The Purcell songs (skilfully edited by Michael Tippett) are particularly beautiful examples of the composer's style. The recording leaves nothing to be desired. Very strongly recommended. SCHUMANN: "Ihre Stimme" (Op. 96, No. 3); SCHUBERT: "An eine Quelle" and "Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen" (Helga Mott acc. Gerald Moore. Collectors' Corner (221 Shaftesbury Avenue). JG450). Amateurs of Lieder singing should not miss this record, which is very well made. I have no previous

experience of the singer, but it is evident that she is a considerable artist, and her voice is rich and expressive. "Ihre Stimme" is little known but characteristic of Schumann, and has the advantage of a distinguished text by Platen.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,020

Set by Farragon

Competitors are asked to imagine that the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, Jean Armour and Fanny Brawne, each celebrated their relationships with their respective ports in verses which have been lost. The usual prizes are offered for these missing poems, or extracts from them, in any verse form. Length not to exceed sixteen lines. Entries by September 13th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,017

Set by Peter Pimlico

"Palinode. Poem in which author retracts thing said in former poem. Recantation." The usual prizes are offered for extracts of not more than fourteen lines of palinodes by Lovelace ("To Lucasta, on going to the wars"), Wordsworth ("Intimations of Immortality"), Browning ("Prospice"), Clough ("Say not the Struggle"), Longfellow ("The Psalm of Life"), Chesterton ("I don't care where the water goes"), Auden (*passim*).

Report by Peter Pimlico

This competition obviously appealed to the worst instincts of competitors. With what glee was Lovelace made to renounce honour, Longfellow to wallow in slothful hedonism, Clough to admit defeat! Wordsworth took it all back; the fog stuck in Browning's throat; Chesterton preached the virtues of water with sinisterly teetotal gusto. Lovelace, as I expected, proved by far the most popular victim, and to decide between these entries was not easy. P. G.'s verses, "To Lucasta, on taking a Staff Appointment," were ingenious, with their last stanza:

> Then think not this departure such
> As either need deplore.
> I've loved thee, darling, very much,
> But birthday honours more.

Other particularly good entries came from Hassall Pitman, Little Billee, and L. V. Upward.

Wordsworth proved a much more difficult task. E. Appletree's extract from a psycho-analytical ode began, as Saintsbury would have said, with a fine onset: "Shame lies about us in our infancy," and I liked his lines:

> Still in our Psyche's embers lives regret
> For that dark prison-house the soul can ne'er forget,

but the rest of his entry fell below this. Charles Green neatly reversed Wordsworth's "shades of the prison-house"; and I found P.M.'s lines appealing:

> Those feelings once I had I now can feel no more.
> The great, who come and go,
> Do not impress me so.
> The common man, alas,
> Doth seem more common than he was.

Jean Edwards narrowly missed a prize.

There was a spate of Longfellow, with very good entries from Stanley French, Allan M. Laing, L. J. Blundell, G. L. S. and Guy Kendall with his final stanza:

> Words of wise men toll our passing;
> Man himself descends to Ape;
> Huxley, Orwell leave no loop-hole
> Where escapists can escape.

Clough proved scarcely less popular. The best of the runners-up were L. J. Blundell, Brian Ireland and Isabel Finlayson, who had a neatly topical last stanza firmly based on her original:

> Where Europe's bastions eastward crumble,
> Traditions falter and are not.
> From schism to scepticism we stumble,
> And westward, lo! the melting-pot.

Chesterton, Browning, and Auden provided the smallest number of entries. J. C. B. Date had a good second stanza in his Chestertonian "In Praise of Water":

> So we must turn to water now, a liquid dull and chaste,
> And connoisseurs in club armchairs must learn its varied taste,
> And con, instead of vintages from sun-scorched slopes in Spain,
> The harshness of the limestone well, the soft caress of rain.
> For now that wine and beer are such that good men from them shrink
> The stuff God gave for washing in is all that's fit to drink;

but the rest of his verses were less good. The best of the Chestertons was that of A. M. Sayers, while P.M. and Graeme Wilson (a faulty eighth line notwithstanding) were easily first in the Browning and Auden entries. These competitors, together with Fergie (Lovelace), Margaret Usborne (Wordsworth), Guy Innes (Longfellow), and Little Billie (Clough), divide the prize money.

TO LUCASTA, RETURNING FROM THE WARS

With Honour long I have sojourn'd
And courted her in vain:
I can but love where love's return'd
So I am home again.

In vain I sought a victor's crown
With horse and sword and shield:
I had a horse that threw me down
And foes who would not yield.

My only hope of happiness,
My last resort, art thou;
Thou couldst not love me any less
Than Honour loves me now.

FERGIE

WORDSWORTH RECANTS

Is this the seer, the heaven-born prophet this,
Earth's best philosopher, immortal sage?
This devil of six years—a frightful age—
Egged on by nitwit mother's misplaced kiss
(His father can but watch in helpless rage).
See, at his feet, some new, expensive toy,
Dismembered. Hear his fiendish, cunning mirth.
Unchecked his native impulse to destroy,
No sense of blank misgiving
Or higher questioning
Assails this wretched boy.
So now I must re-frame my song.
It seems that I was wrong.
He trailed no clouds of glory at his birth.

MARGARET USBORNE

THE PSALM OF LIFE

I've miscounted all my numbers,
And things *are* just what they seem;
Life is sunshine and cucumbers:
Life's a fake, a drunkard's dream.

Life is finished where you live it;
This is my amended text—
There's no codicil to give it,
No "continued in our next."

"Footprints on Time's sands?" I rate them
Merely as poetic guff:
Death will soon obliterate them—
Let's cut out this Crusoe stuff!

Nix to any bright hereafter
Is the Present such a cop
That we wish (forgive my laughter!)
It should not achieve a stop?

GUY INNES

IN EXTREMIS—R.B.

I was ever a fighter?—but what's the use,
This time it's the end.
Here I'm trussed like a chicken and weak as the deuce.
It's finish, my friend.
Let me be, don't keep on purging me, urging
"Just one fight more!"
Past and Present in one Grand Finale are merging,
There *is* no Encore.
Now skip we the last of it—sickness and pain
—Turn on the gas,
Plunge the needle in hard, or open a vein—
(Not an artery, ass!)
How gently I'll pass
While voices are murmuring "Hero" and "Giant"
"One of the best"
I'll be out of it, no need to struggle and try—and
—To Hell with the rest.

P.M.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE...

That song I sang of hope and daring
Let those who learned it now unlearn,
Since comrades whom it cheered, despairing
Have changed to tyrants in their turn.

What though the smooth flood, falsely swelling,
Brought in the main to creek and bay;
Even as my verse its rise was telling,
It turned, and fled as fast away.

And westward, look, the sun that brightened
Our hills and hearts with morning light,
Sinking, now leaves the land unlightened,
Betrayed to cold and ruthless night.

LITTLE BILLEE

PALINODE OF G.K.C.

I sang a song in the pride of life to the glory of ale and wine,
But I made some think too well of the drink—and perhaps the fault was mine.
I lashed the times with reckless rimes; I mingled my truth with lies;
I fear I misled the underbred—but I meant my song for the Wise.
I implied St. George was bibulous: the memory gives me pain;
And the angel descending with ginger-pop I treated with high disdain.
My song about Noah, which some deplore, the Sensible took with salt—
But the literal-minded were stunned and blinded and fell in the nearest vault.
Now many are glum at the price of rum and the horror of watered beer—
And there I agree with the shrewd T.T.—I prefer *my* water *clear*.
Though the merest trace would be out of place in a scrupulous milking pail,
Yet water is doing a useful job when it's thinning the tippler's ale.

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He will turn a deaf ear
To the pamphleteer,
And learn the gestures
Of the God-accosters.
Rot-green of dollar
His favorite color,
His smile shall sway
Smooth on the slime of History.
Unbuttoned, bland,
The Mayor's friend,
With a cheque-book larger
Than luck or Luger.
What beds he'll rifle
And be glad to shuffle
Other men's feet,
Another heart.

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